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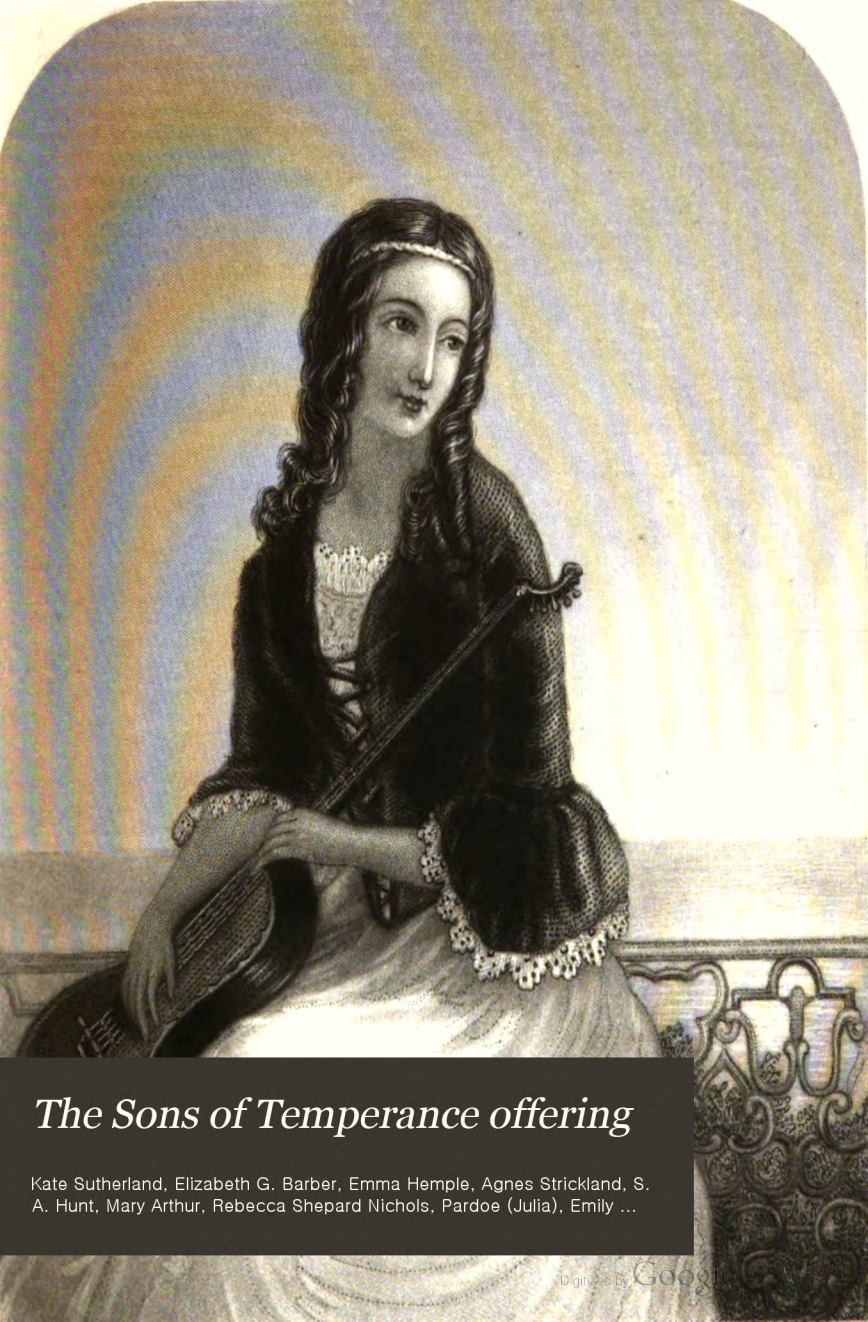
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The Sons of Temperance offering

Kate Sutherland, Elizabeth G. Barber, Emma Hemple, Agnes Strickland, S. A. Hunt, Mary Arthur, Rebecca Shepard Nichols, Pardoe (Julia), Emily ...

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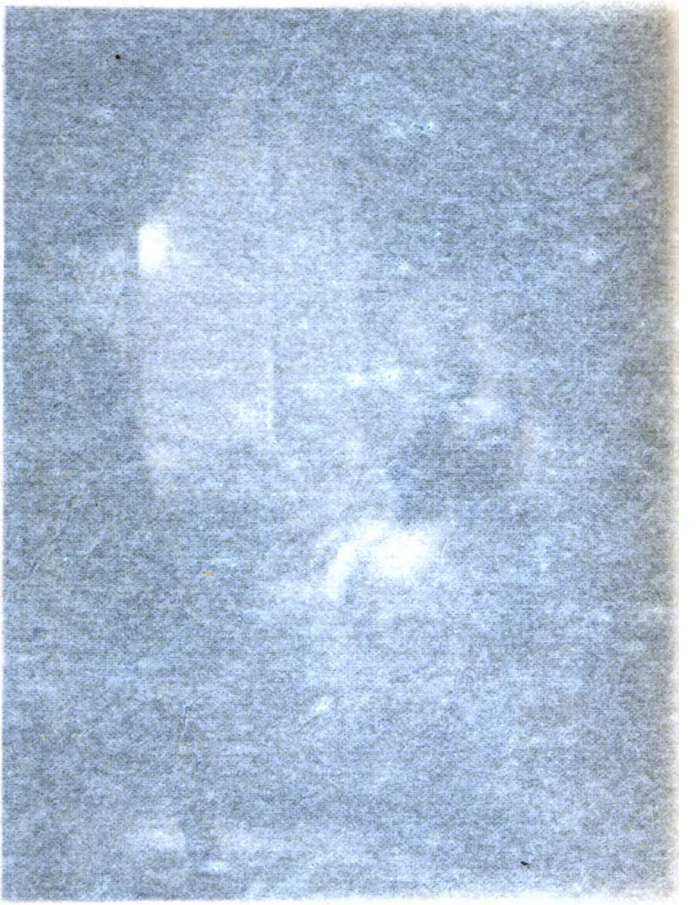
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THE

TEMPERANCE

OFFERING,

FOR

1853.

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

NEW YORK:
CORNISH, LAMPORT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
No. 8 Park Place.

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INTRODUCTION.

The favor with which the "Temperance Offering" has been received, has encouraged the Publishers to continue the work, and herewith is presented the volume for 1853, which has been prepared by the Editor, with the same discrimination, taste, and regard to interest and usefulness, which marked the previous volumes and made them so exceedingly popular. At no previous time has the cause of Temperance shown so cheering an aspect as now. In several of the States, the liquor traffic has been suppressed by stringent laws, and the friends of Temperance are sanguine of carrying similar restrictive measures in many other States at a very early period. To do this, preparation in the public mind is a very necessary pre-requisite, and all forms of Temperance literature which reach and influence thought and opinion, are valuable accessories in the good work. Among these accessories, we trust our "Offering" will be found of no light value.

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TO

The Friends of Temperance,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE PUBLISHERS.

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THE PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. S. G. PRYOR.

"DEAR ELLA! do let me persuade you to abandon this foolish idea. Give up, I entreat you, all thought of committing so great a sin."

"If you can prove to me that it is sinful, Jane, I will."

"'Honor thy father and thy mother,' says the sacred word, Ella; how can you violate this command, and be guiltless?"

"That is true, Jane; but would you argue from this that we are never to act contrary to our parents' wishes?"

"The Word of God makes no exceptions, Ella. As long then as the commands of parents are not in opposition to the laws of God, it is the duty of a child to obey."

"Of a child, you say, Jane? I agree with you there; but I do not think that God ever intended that parents were to select life-companions for their children, and then force them to marry. In anything else I could obey them; but this, I think, is something over which a parent ought not to exercise his authority."

"To a certain extent, I think, he ought, Ella."

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"Tell me, Jane, would you like your father to choose a husband for you?"

"I would not like him to make a choice, and then compel me to marry the individual, whether I loved him or not. But this is not the case with you; your father does not wish to choose for you—he only wishes to direct your choice. This authority, I think, every parent ought to exercise; and, certainly, no dutiful child could object.'

"You are wrong there, Jane; my father gives me no choice at all, as far as Charles Seymour is concerned: he positively refuses his consent to our marriage, and even forbids me seeing him at all."

"What motive has he for doing so, Ella? Is it not that you may be spared days and months, and even years of wretchedness? Has he not heretofore granted your every wish? and can you, for one moment, suppose that he would, from a mere whim, oppose you now, if he thought that a union with Charles Seymour would in the least contribute to your happiness?"

"I cannot see why it would make me unhappy. He is rich; well-educated; of good family;—what more can he ask?"

"A man might lack all these qualifications, Ella, and yet make a better husband, than, in my opinion, Charles Seymour will make."

"What does he lack, Jane?"

"Ella, if you are ignorant of his true character, you must be so willfully. He is rich, I know, and of good connections; but what is his moral character?"

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"All I ever heard against him was, that he would spree a little sometimes; and if all young men who do so, were to be set aside, there would be but few marriageable ones in the community, I think."

"I am sorry there is so much truth in that assertion, Ella; and yet who would like to become a drunkard's wife? Surely you would not be so mad! But aside from this, have you never heard that he gambles?"

"I have heard so, Jane; but I believe it to be false. And as to his becoming a drunkard, I have no anxiety on that score, for he has often told me that if I wished it, he would sign the pledge; but as I have full confidence in him, I of course would not make such a request. But it is of no use for you and me to argue this point. My mind is made up; and as my father will not give his consent, I shall take the responsibility upon myself."

"If you have no regard for yourself, Ella, think of your mother. Such an act as you contemplate, would be her death. But I had almost forgotten what I came for this morning. It was to get you to come over to-morrow, and spend the day with us; for I think you must be lonesome here, all by yourself. You'll come, *won't* you?"

"I don't care—I believe I will; for I do feel rather lonesome here."

Jane and Ella Harrison, the two young ladies we have so unceremoniously introduced to our readers, were cousins, the children of twin-brothers. Though ardently attached to each other, their tempers and dispositions were by no means the same. Jane was the eldest of five children, and pos-

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sessed naturally a mild and amiable disposition, which, added to the judicious training of an excellent and devoted mother, rendered her a universal favorite. Selfishness formed no part of her character. To contribute to the happiness of others, appeared to be her greatest delight. Ella, on the other hand, was an only child, and early gave strong indications of self-will. Her mother had always been delicate; but after her birth, her health became so bad that she was frequently, for weeks at a time, unable to leave her room. In consequence of this she was not able to give that attention to the moral and intellectual training of her child, which every mother who feels for the future well-being of her offspring, delights to bestow. Thus the little one was left almost entirely to the care of servants, and need we wonder that she grew up proud, selfish and overbearing? At the age of ten, she was placed at a distinguished boarding-school, which she left at seventeen, well-educated and accomplished, it is true, but sadly deficient in those qualifications which are so much admired in woman.

Whilst at this school, she became acquainted with Charles Seymour, the individual before alluded to. He was a resident of the city, but spent a good portion of his time at his uncle's, who lived about half-a-mile distant from the school. After an acquaintance of two months, he offered himself in marriage to Ella, and was accepted. Thinking it most probable that her parents would refuse their consent, Seymour urged an immediate flight; but for this Ella was not prepared. She thought there would be no difficulty in

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gaining their approbation; and thus it was decided, that he should wait till she returned home, and then apply in person to her father. When this application was made, Mr. Harrison's first impulse was to give a decided refusal, on account of his daughter's youth; but after a moment's consideration, he deemed it most prudent to waive his decision for a few days, and make inquiry into the character of the young man, and, if possible, ascertain the true state of his daughter's feelings towards him. If all was fair, he would consent, on condition that the union was not to take place until Ella had completed her nineteenth year. Mr. Harrison at once mentioned the subject to his wife, who, though exceedingly weak in body, was ever alive to that which concerned the welfare of her child. She regretted that Ella had so early formed this attachment, but agreed with her husband, that if she really loved, and Seymour was a worthy man, it was best not to oppose them. What has already been intimated, in regard to his character, Mr. Harrison, after a strict inquiry, found to be the case, and, as the reader has been informed, not only refused his consent to their union, but forbade him the house. Clandestine meetings followed, and there was an agreement to elope. The conversation with which our story opens took place about three months after Ella's return from school, at which time her father and mother, with a view of benefiting the health of the latter, were residing temporarily at Newport. Jane's father was also absent from the city; and thus everything seemed to favor their design. We were about to say it was altogether by accident that Jane became

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apprised of her cousin's intentions, but no doubt it was so ordered by the hand of an over-ruling Providence. Finding that she could not herself dissuade Ella from her rash purpose, she immediately on her return home broke the matter to her mother. Mrs. Harrison listened with fear and trembling. "Is it possible," she said, "that Ella can be so foolish?—oh! her poor mother!—such an event would indeed be her death! I do not believe there is a more heartless young man in the city than Seymour, to say nothing of his other bad qualities. But you say, she will be here to-morrow: I will see if I cannot do something for her."

"Perhaps, we had better write to her father?"

"You might do so, though in all probability, as she is aware that you have a knowledge of their designs, the deed will be done before there would be an opportunity for her father to interfere. Write the letter, but do not mail it till after I have seen her. I hope I can convince her of the great wrong she is about to commit, which will be better than opposing her by force; for, if thwarted once they would only be more cautious how they proceeded on a second trial."

The next morning, Ella, as she had promised, repaired to her aunt's, and proceeded at once to the boudoir, where she expected to find her cousin. Seeing no one in the room, she was about to leave it, when her attention was drawn to a portrait that was placed against the wall. It was the likeness of a female, apparently about fifty years of age, dressed in rather antique style, with a singularly lovely

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countenance. Ella seemed riveted to the spot. So absorbed was she with the image before her, that she noticed not the entrance of her aunt, until she came up and tapped her on the shoulder, saying, as she did so, "Why, Ella dear! how are you?"

"Oh! aunt," she replied, "I did not know you were here. I am right well, thank you. But do tell me, whose portrait this is: I think it is the handsomest countenance I ever beheld."

"It is my mother's, Ella."

"Your mother's, aunt! Why, how is it I never saw it before?"

"It has been here only a few days. It belongs to my brother. He had it taken just before her death. He and his family are about visiting England, and he wished me to take charge of it during his absence."

"Is it a good likeness, aunt?"

"There never was a better one, Ella."

"What a lovely woman she must have been!"

"Ella," said Mrs. Harrison, in a faltering tone of voice, "there is a story connected with that portrait, which I should like to repeat to you; but I am afraid it would be rather uninteresting."

"Oh, never fear that, aunt. Nothing connected with so lovely a picture as that could be uninteresting. If you please, I would like to hear it, especially if there is any romance connected with it."

"There is no romance in it to me, Ella—it is all sad reality. But off with your things, and as soon as I get

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through with my household concerns I will relate it to you. Here comes Jane. She can entertain you till I am done."

Finding our little story likely to exceed the limits we at first assigned to it, we will leave our young friends for a couple of hours, and again look upon them as they seat themselves to listen to the promised story. Tears glisten in Mrs. Harrison's eyes as in a husky voice she says, "You must not expect, my dear girls, that you are going to hear anything very marvelous. What I am about to relate is a simple unvarnished tale of truth, and one which, I suppose, will never be banished from my breast as long as I live. I was, as you know, an only daughter, and blessed with one of the best and most devoted of mothers, whose only fault in the training of her children was, that she was too kind and indulgent; up to the close of my sixteenth year, I do not remember ever having made a request of her, that was not granted. About this time, my father's only sister made a visit to Rosewood, and having no children of her own, insisted on my accompanying her to her city home, and spending, it might be, a year or more with her. I had a short time before this made a public profession of religion, and united myself with the little band of believers in Rosewood. My aunt was a gay, worldly woman, who thought religion was good enough in its place, but not at all adapted for young people. My parents knowing the temptations to which I would thus be exposed, at first refused their consent—(would to God they had never yielded.) My aunt's entreaties, combined with mine at last prevailed; for I was

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all anxiety to spend some time in the city, associating with it as I did, everything that was good and desirable. Alas! I knew not that I was leaving everything good and desirable behind me. But I went. I had not been there long before I was surrounded by a host of fortune-hunters, for it seemed that the knowledge of my father's wealth had preceded me. This flattered my vanity and gratified my self-love, and unmindful of where my strength lay, I fell. The house of God became to me a tiresome place; His Holy Word lost all its charms; and the spirit of prayer departed from me. The thoughts of my condition at that time even now cause me to shudder. Beware, my dear girls, of taking the first step in the downward road. It is much easier to enter it, than it is to leave it. Before I had spent two months with my aunt, my hand was solicited in marriage by a young man named George Preston. He was of a good family, pleasing in his address, and gentlemanly in his behavior; but he was not virtuous. On this account I hesitated; but he soon found arguments to overcome all my scruples. Suffice it to say, that in a few short weeks, I had not only renounced the faith of my fathers, but was an acknowledged infidel. Imagine if you can the distress of my parents, when a knowledge of this came to their ears. That I, their only daughter, who had been so carefully reared, and so early instructed in the ways of truth, should thus apostatize, for a moment as it were, almost stunned them. They seemed—"

"But aunt," interrupted Ella, "how came they to hear it?"

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"Through Preston, when he applied to my father for his consent to our marriage."

"It was a wonder he told it."

"It is. I don't know exactly how it came out, but God so ordered it; no doubt it was one of the links in the chain of events which saved me from ruin. Of course my father refused his consent, and brought me home immediately. This was what we had both expected, and in anticipation thereof had made our arrangements accordingly. After my return home, we never saw each other, but found means to correspond almost daily, and thus arrange all our plans for a clandestine marriage, even to fixing the day and hour, or, I should say, the night. A few days previous to the time fixed for our elopement, my mother was called unexpectedly to see her mother, who was thought to be dying. The distance was about ten miles. She went immediately—my father accompanying her. I should have told you before that she had at that time been sitting for her portrait—this very portrait you see here before you. It was then almost completed; one sitting more would have finished it, I believe. I never shall forget that parting. My mother seemed as if she had a presentiment that something was about to happen. She pressed me to her bosom, and begged me with tears not to leave the house during her absence. I kissed her, but made no answer. Her last words were, 'Farewell, Jane—May the Great Shepherd bring you to His fold again.' Two days after this, I received a letter from my father, informing me of my grandmother's death, and the sudden and severe illness of my mother; and urging me

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to come to her immediately, as it was feared her sickness was unto death. That was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I read the letter over several times before I could decide what to do. That night was the time fixed for my elopement, and I hesitated! Base ingratitude! Oh! my dear mother, little didst thou think that thy once affectionate child could hesitate for a moment to answer a call like that! Such, my dear children, is the blighting effects of sin. Let me beseech you to guard well the entrance to your hearts, lest, before you are aware of it, the enemy is in possession thereof! But the worst is yet to come. I forced myself into the belief that by some means or other my parents had ascertained what I was about to do, and that my mother's sickness was only a feint, to frustrate our designs; and I determined at all hazards to run the risk. Once united, I knew no power on earth could separate us, and if we were married early on the following day, for so we had intended it, we could then hasten to my mother, and if she were really sick, there would then be more hope for a reconciliation. But I was far from being satisfied. I wandered here, there, and everywhere; but still something was wanting. To while away the time I picked up a book, and, seating myself on the porch, read as long as I could see. I then arose and went into the house. I directed my steps to the room which overlooked the road, whence I expected my lover to approach. My mother's portrait, still in the painter's easil, had been placed in this room till she should return; but it being dark when I entered I did not observe it, although I knew it was there. I said it was

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dark; yet it was the time of the full moon, but at that moment it was obscured by thick clouds. I threw myself on a lounge which stood before the window, and gave myself up to my reflections, which, you may judge, were of no very pleasant nature. Suddenly the moon burst forth from the clouds; and as I turned to gaze upon it, my eyes fell upon the portrait. Never, never, shall I forget that moment. I almost thought my mother was really there gazing upon me, and with her mild, blue eyes reproaching me for my ingratitude. In a moment, as it were, my whole life passed before me. I thought of my mother's kindness, of her never-wearying devotion, from my earliest recollection up to the moment she bade me farewell: I thought of the instruction she had given me; of the prayers she had offered for me; and then asked myself the question, How was I about to repay her? I could stand it no longer, but falling on my knees before God, acknowledged my guilt, and implored His forgiveness. I then arose, and ordering the servant without delay to make ready the carriage, started to see my mother. I arrived there at twelve o'clock, the very hour I promised to meet Preston—but I was too late. Just one hour before, my mother's pure spirit had winged its way to the realms of bliss. Her last words were, 'Tell Jane to meet me in Heaven.' Here Mrs. Harrison's voice fell; then smothering her emotion, she said, 'My dear children, I will leave you to imagine my feelings at that moment"—and rising, abruptly left the room.

But, no doubt, the reader is anxious to know whether the recital of this story, had the desired effect upon her for

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whom it was more especially intended. We are happy to assure him that it had. That night at twelve o'clock, as she afterwards informed her aunt, she was to have eloped with Seymour, and ere the rising of the morrow's sun expected to be many miles distant from the place of her birth. But a change had come o'er her, and though ere the rising of that sun, she was indeed many miles distant from home, it was with quite a different purpose in view from what she at first intended; and that purpose was to minister to the wants of her afflicted mother, whom her conscience told her she had too long and too sadly neglected.

AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

I SAT an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream—
Where we were school-boys in old time,
When manhood was a dream:
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away;
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side,
No more waves in the breeze:
The scatter'd stones look desolate—
The sod they rested on
Has been plough'd up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

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The chesnut-tree is dead, John—
And what is sadder now,
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withering bough:
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare—
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
Just as we piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I look'd for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing:
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is bleak and bare,
And not a foot, this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wander'd up the hill,
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still:
The birds sing yet among the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind,
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
The same half-panel in the path,
We used so oft to climb;
I thought how o'er the cares of life,
Our playmates had pass'd on,
And left me counting on this spot,
The faces that are gone.

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WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

MAN's love lives but with hope; while woman's heart
Still echoes to the music of the past.
A love all sacrifice and suffering; a star
That gathers lustre from the gloom of night;
A martyr's fond idolatry; a faith
Baptized in tears, to sorrow consecrate.

THE FOUNDLING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, after a journey of many days the Bayonne and Paris diligence entered into the court-yard of the royal Post-house. The heat was excessive, the sun having darted its fiery rays full on the heavy machine as it rolled through the suffocating dust raised by its wheels. The travelers, particularly the eight shut up inside, looked scarcely human. Their clothes were covered with dust; their red faces bathed with perspiration and covered with an irritating mask, looked heavy from want of sleep, (for how could they sleep in such a stove,) they would certainly have suffered as little in the bronze bull of Phalaris. There was a unanimous cry of joy from the poor sufferers when the diligence stopped. They hastened to get out of that place of contraint, to stretch their limbs, and to shake their garments; they called loudly for

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their baggage, that they might the sooner be able to shelter themselves from the sun. Some hastened to pay the conductor the price of their places, others gave their baggage into the hands of the custom-house officers, others placed themselves in a hackney coach, or hired an errand man to carry their things.

In the midst of this universal agitation, one young woman remained motionless as if stunned.

During the journey she had been incessantly occupied by her cares and attentions to a little girl of three months which she nursed. Her tenderness, her patience, and the sweetness of her manners, artless, yet full of natural dignity, had disarmed even the travellers, who were at first impatient, because the cries of the little creature prevented them from enjoying the little repose left possible to them by fatigue and heat. They soon began to sympathize with the mother, and to aid her whenever they imagined it possible. When the diligence stopped for a moment, they brought milk for the infant, and fruit for her; two women, even wished to relieve her by carrying the child upon their knees; but she would not part with it for a moment. She passed her time in contemplating it when it slept, and in consoling it when it cried.

To the questions, which, from idleness, curiosity, or thoughtlessness, passengers never fail to address to their companions on a journey, she had replied that she was going to rejoin her husband, who had left for Paris eight months previously, to take the principal direction of a business in which he had engaged with a partner. An old

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gossip placed in front of her, remarked that a flush passed over her pale face as she pronounced the word husband.

From the moment the carriage reached the barrier, the young woman, whose emotion and anxiety became more and more visible, had not ceased to look out in order to see more quickly the person she was going to rejoin, and who would, she said, come to meet her. Not perceiving him, she became uneasy, tears filled her eyes, and though her companions told her they were still far from the Post-house, and that it was there passengers were met, she was not entirely satisfied. She asked incessantly how soon they would arrive. The distance from the barrier to the rue Montmartre, seemed longer to her than the road from Bayonne to Paris.

When they showed her from afar the place she was so anxious to reach, she looked out eagerly, casting everywhere her anxious eyes, and not seeing any one, cried out, "Stephen! Stephen!"

No voice replied to hers. The carriage stopped, and the young woman descended hastily, forgetting even in her trouble, to bestow on her child the extravagant cares she had lavished upon it until then.

She broke through the crowd, she went from one to another, looking into every face. He was not there!

She raised her eyes to the clock, and asked one of the men at what hour the diligence usually arrived. He replied that it was that day half an hour later than usual. A convulsive shudder passed through her frame, she pressed her infant against her breast, and pale, tottering, despair-

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ing, seated herself, or rather fell upon the bench at the entrance of the office. In the mean time they had disengaged a small trunk, which, with a rush basket, constituted all her baggage. The conductor and a custom-house officer approached her. The latter wished to examine her trunk, and the former to receive the money which was still due for her place in the diligence. She gave her key to the officer, scarcely knowing what she did, and replied to the conductor, that she had not brought sufficient money to pay for her place, but that her husband would come to meet her, and would pay the remainder. She stammered as she spoke, and felt as if her heart was breaking, for she no longer hoped to see him, whom she had come so far to seek, at the price of so much fatigue and suffering! him, to whom she had sacrificed every thing; beauty, youth, family, past, present, and future!

The conductor cast a rapid glance on the trunk which the officer was examining. It contained some clothing for herself, and linen for the use of her child. All that was in it was not worth half so much as was due.

"Madam," said he bluntly, "your husband had better hasten hither, for if I am not paid before long, I shall cause you to be arrested and put in prison."

"In prison!" repeated she despairingly, "Oh sir! you will not do that."

"I certainly shall," replied he, "I am poor; and have no means of paying the fare of persons who take a notion to travel without money; those who cannot afford to pay should stay at home."

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She endeavored to repress the tears which flowed from her eyes, stifled the sobs which almost suffocated her, and again seated herself on the bench, hiding her face on the face of her infant.

"Well Madam," said the conductor, some moments afterwards.

She tried to raise her head, but strength failed her, and she remained motionless, overwhelmed with grief.

"It is three quarters of an hour, since the diligence arrived; I must be paid, do you hear?"

He laid his hand on her shoulder as he spoke, but not rudely.

She raised her head then, and showed a face so pale and changed by despair and suffering, that the conductor himself began to feel compassion for her.

"But I have children also," said he softly, as if to excuse himself, "I cannot afford to lose so large a sum as seventy francs."

Sobs and tears choked her voice for some time, at length she stammered forth, "My God! my God! will you not have pity on my child?"

"Come gentlemen," said the conductor to those who stood around him. "I consent to lose ten francs. Can you not club together, and pay the rest of the money for madam, I dare say she is more to be pitied than blamed."

Hardly had he made the proposition, before it was cordially responded to. Even the custom-house officer slipped amongst the five franc pieces thrown upon the table, a two franc piece, a humble but sublime offering, which the

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angels no doubt carried to the footstool of God with songs of joy; for it was the alms of a father of a family, almost as poor as the unfortunate he relieved.

"Good!" said the conductor, "we are too rich now; here are seven francs more than necessary."

He threw the silver upon the knees of the young woman, who was insensible to what passed around her, and said kindly:

"Come, you can go now, you no longer owe me anything."

She looked upon him without comprehending the words he spoke to her, or noticing the money he threw into her lap.

He again told her that she was free.

"I must wait here," she replied.

"But my dear lady, it would be much more prudent to go and find the person you expected, than to remain here with your child."

"I do not know where the person lives who was to meet me."

"Did you not say he was your husband?"

"He is my husband," she replied, casting down her eyes which were again filled with tears.

"Have you no acquaintance in Paris?" continued the conductor.

"None!"

"Did your husband write for you to rejoin him?"

"I wrote to him announcing the birth of our child, and the destitute situation in which my family suffered me to

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remain. I also added that if he did not wish our little daughter left alone in the world, he must hasten to take her under his protection; I am in a consumption, and have but a short time to live."

"Did he reply to your letter?"

"No. Then I wrote again, telling of my intended departure, and the day and hour when he might expect me, and set out."

"To what place did you address his letters?"

"To the dwelling of one of his friends, Rue des Jeûneurs, No. 17.

"What is his name?"

"James Dorthez. I put the initials of my husband under S. R., Stephen Robert."

"The Rue des Jeûneurs is close by. I will go and let your husband know that you are here," said the conductor.

He went, but with the sad conviction that he should go in vain. He found that James Dorthez had left his dwelling four months previously. Many letters directed to him had come from Bayonne, but they had not reached him, for he had disappeared one morning without paying his rent.

The conductor came back, and announced this bad news to the poor mother

"Believe me," added he, "you had better go from this place, and take lodgings in a house I will point out to you. The night brings counsel, and to-morrow we will consider what can be done."

"Nothing remains for me but to die," said she, "let me die."

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"But your child! my dear lady, your child?"

"My child! my child! fatherless—almost motherless—Oh my God, will you not have pity on my child?"

"Come! come! to-morrow I will see you again, and we will endeavor to obtain news of your husband."

"No, I will remain here, and wait for him."

"But he does not know that you have left Bayonne! he has not received your letter!"

"I will wait for him here," replied she, with the obstinacy of despair and madness, "he cannot abandon me in this manner."

She bent over her child, which she pressed tightly in her arms, and repeated, "I will wait for him! I will wait for him!"

Just then the clock struck six, and the conductor after one or two more vain attempts concluded to leave her for awhile, though much against his will.

"I will return this evening," thought he, "and if I find her here then I can surely persuade her to follow me, for night will put an end to her stubbornness."

Meanwhile, carriages came and went from the yard, with the crowd, noise, and confusion, inseparable from the arrival and departure of numerous travellers. Few paid any attention to the poor woman who remained with her head bent down over her child as if asleep.

At night, the conductor, who had related this sad adventure to his family, returned to see what had become of the unfortunate object of his commiseration. He found her at the same place, and in the same attitude.

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"Madam," said he softly, "it is night, you must leave here and find a shelter for your child; the damp night air will be an injury to it."

She made no reply.

"Come, rouse up for the sake of your babe. Give it to me and come."

He tried to take the little girl. The mother held it tightly enclosed in her arms; he made a new attempt—the unfortunate woman fell heavily at his feet: and he saw that her lips and bosom were covered with blood.

He bent over her—he tried to lift her up, and whilst doing so, felt that her hands and face were cold and stiff. But the child when taken into his arms uttered a feeble cry.

At Paris when any accident happens, thousands come, (so to speak,) from beneath the pavements, and assemble with a promptitude truly inexplicable. Two minutes had not passed before three hundred persons at the least, filled the yard, and the officials hastened to seek the physician and the police officer, those two indispensible actors in every public drama.

The physician felt the mute pulse of the poor woman, then ordered the crowd to fall back that she might have air, but the most curious only pressed closer still. Then he tried to bleed her. Alas nothing could restore the unfortunate to life—she was dead, and there were only two formalities to fulfil with respect to her, his report, and that of the police officer.

These they soon prepared, and giving orders for the

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removal of the body, were about to retire, believing all finished. But a voice was now heard from the crowd.

"And the child?"

"The child!" repeated the police officer, "this poor creature leaves a child."

"A little girl," replied the conductor, placing her upon a table near the officer.

The officer, accustomed to legal forms, asked a few questions of the witnesses, and added a postscript to his report. He had already sought vainly in the trunk of the deceased for something which might reveal her name. Two letters without address, and bearing no other signature than Stephen, gave him no information; he therefore rose to depart, when a voice asked

"What will you do with the child?"

"The child," replied the officer, "will be taken to the Foundling Hospital."

The conductor felt for a moment as if he could not abandon to public charity the little creature whom chance had thrown upon his path. But he had already four children, and he walked away with a sigh.

A bailiff of the city, at the command of the police officer, took the infant in his arms, and proceeded towards the Rue d' Enfer. He walked carelessly along, smoking his pipe, and paid little attention to his charge. At length he arrived, and placed the infant and police report in the hands of the superior of the community.

The Foundling Hospital is a black looking edifice at the extremity of the Rue d' Enfer. Formerly it was only

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necessary to lay a child in a sort of turning box placed in one of the windows. Now there must be a report from a police officer, stating that the unfortunate little creature has been exposed or abandoned.

It often happens that the poor infant has to remain a long time on the cold pavement, waiting for all these legal formalities to be gone through with. Why not continue to use the turning box, and prepare the report after the reception of the child; for its chance of life is greatly diminished by these delays. Two, out of seven, die within ten days after they are received at the Hospital.

To return to the little girl, whom the police officer had named in his report, Mary Stephen; after being received by the superior, it was placed in one of the white curtained cradles appropriated to these little victims, and the sister seeing it looked so pitiful, hastened to send for a priest that he might baptize it, and thus save its soul, for of its body she felt very little hope.

II.

Whilst the events of the last chapter were taking place at Paris, the physician of Wancourt, a little village of Artois, was returning home, after visiting several patients in the neighborhood. Ordinarily, when he had fulfilled the duties of his profession, he returned home at a slow pace, and took off his hat that he might enjoy the cool evening air, after a day of fatigue and heat. But on this evening, he gave the spur to his astonished beast, and when he came in front of his own door, a short but energetic struggle took

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place between them. The horse was determined to enter the stable, the master, on the contrary would go further. The victory remained with the latter, and the horse had to obey, and carry his master to a house in the centre of the village. As they arrived, a priest came out of the door.

"Well Mr. Curé," said the horseman, "how do these poor people come on?"

The curé raised his eyes to heaven and sighed.

"It would melt the hardest heart to see them. Their trials have been hard to bear. May God in his mercy sustain them."

Whilst speaking, the physician dismounted and entered the cabin, followed by the curé. An iron lamp which hung from the ceiling lighted the room which was the ground floor of the house. By its yellow and flickering light the doctor could see a man who sat near the fire place, with his face buried in his hands. His wife was moving about trying to prepare supper, a useless trouble, for neither of them she knew could that evening taste a morsel of bread. It was evident that she scarcely knew what she was doing, for one moment she would take things out of the cupboard, and the next put them back again. Suddenly she stopped and looked into an empty cradle which stood at the foot of the bed. Then sobs burst from her breast, and she seated herself that she might not fall, for all strength seemed to have left her. She was a woman of about forty years of age, with regular features, and in youth must have been beautiful, but that beauty was now tarnished by grief and sorrow.

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"Well Philip!" said the physician, in a compassionate and friendly tone, "have you no more strength of mind than this?"

The peasant raised his head, and showed a face pale and swollen with weeping, he wished to reply, but his only answer was a groan.

"You must ask of God resignation to his will, my son," said the curé.

The poor man shook his head despairingly.

"Four children in eight months," cried he. "No one left in the house but Madeleine and myself. God should have taken us also."

"I hope he will do so soon," interrupted the altered voice of Madeleine, "I ask it of him, that I may meet my children again in heaven."

There was so much grief in her words and tones, that the Doctor had recourse to his snuff box, to hide his tears, and recover a little sang froid. He felt the pulse of the unfortunate mother, and asked some questions relative to her health. She replied as one replies to an indifferent and scarcely heard question.

"You must take care of yourself, Madeleine," said the doctor.

"My health," said she, "is of little consequence. If I die so much the better."

"And you would leave your husband alone, and without consolation! What you have now said, is not good Madeleine; you speak neither like a wife nor a christian. Hearken to me, and follow my counsel, it is for your good.

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God has taken away all your family. Poor mother! what would become of you in this lonely house? In your place I would take a foster child."

"Take another in the place of her who was buried this morning! Never sir!"

"Follow my advice; you will be much happier if you do."

"Yes," said she bitterly, "I should raise another child—I should pass days and nights in watching over it, should attach myself to it, and love it, and then they would come and take it from me, and I should find myself again alone in the world."

"No Madeleine! Hearken to me, instead of weeping. To-morrow the nurses' dilligence sets out from the neighboring city for Paris to get infants from the hospital. Go in it. The journey and change of scene, will be salutary to you in the first place. And then, you can bring back a child, which, some time hence you may adopt, if God does not give you another of your own. In the meantime you will receive the nurse's salary, which though small, will be of some assistance to you in your housekeeping."

"The doctor's advice is very good; you had better follow it, my friends," said the curé.

"And what will become of my husband, during my absence; can I leave him alone?"

"I need a gardener for a few days," said the curé, "and will employ Philip; you know my old housekeeper will take good care of him."

Madeleine, overwhelmed by her grief, made little further resistance, and promised to set out next day.

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"I have to go to Arras, to-morrow," said the doctor, "and will take you there in my cabriolet."

Next morning at daybreak, the doctor and his carriage were at the door. Madeleine mounted silently, and by two o'clock, the physician had arranged everything. Her services were accepted by the inspector of nurses for the Foundlings, and she set out for Paris with the other women.

Four days after, a long carriage entered the court-yard of the Hospital. Eight women descended, and every one received an infant. Each child had on its neck a leather cord, sealed by a leaden seal, on which was the number of the order.

When a sister of charity placed in the arms of Madeleine, the number 6,043, her first thought was to return the strange infant to the sister, and go back to her village alone; for the remembrance of the little girl she had lost returned more bitterly than ever. To take a stranger in place of her own child seemed like a sacrilege. But when she heard the plaintive cry of the poor little creature, when its burning and famished mouth touched her bosom, and she recollected it had no other protection than the common pity of a hospital, the feeling of repulsion she had experienced gave place to a lively, and almost tender compassion.

The nursling they had given her, was a girl, and when she asked its name, they replied Marie.

Marie! the name of her daughter!

There was something providential in this circumstance, particularly so to a heart desolate and simple as Made-

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leine's. When she heard that name, a tear fell on the face of the little babe, which she kissed convulsively. Already, she would not have parted from her adopted child for the world.

The carriage which had brought the nurses, soon set out on its return. Madeleine thought their progress slow, for she was anxious to show Philip the beautiful little girl which God had restored to them. The history of this child had been related to her, the death of its mother, and shameful abandonment of the father. There would be no danger of any one claiming the orphan, and separating it from them. Dwelling on these thoughts, nursing it, and calling it by the sweet name of Marie, she almost forgot it was not her own in reality. Therefore when Philip saw Madeleine coming, almost running; and holding in her arms a little girl, which she called Marie, he could scarcely stifle a feeling of reproach against the mother, who had so soon forgotten the loss of her own children. An hour after, he was holding it upon his knees, murmuring a song, and when it slept, he placed it in the cradle, which, alas! had now been empty many days.

Insensibly their love for the little one increased, until it equalled what they had felt for their own children. On his return from the fields, Philip was refreshed by the smile of Marie, and by what Madeleine had to relate of her. Each day, some event of importance took place, causing them to feel those indefinable joys which only parents can comprehend. She had lisped the word mamma, said Madeleine, who had imagined this sweet name in the confused murmurs

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of her daughter. Another time she had extended her hand and seized an object; it was her coral, which she raised to her lips. Then came cutting of teeth, that drama in which one passes incessantly, from uneasiness to joy, from anxiety to happiness. In spite of her frail constitution she lived through these dangerous trials; and exactly a year after her arrival at the village, Philip saw her rise on her feet and come towards him with tottering steps, and extended arms. It would have been difficult to decide which loved Marie most passionately, Madeleine, or Philip. No one entered their dwelling without having to listen to long accounts of her precocious intelligence and pretty tricks. Marie was coquettishly attired by her foster-mother who found nothing too good for her. Philip never returned to the house without bringing something to his daughter, as he called her, who was anxiously awaiting him on the threshold. Sometimes it was fruit, at others a bird, or a toy bought from a pedler. To see her in her linen robe, her pretty little face surrounded by one of those caps which suit children so well, one felt disposed to devour her with kisses: she exercised over the peasant and his wife, the tyranny of a naturally good, though spoiled child, and was, emphatically speaking, the master of the house. Everything that was done seemed done for Marie. Happiness had again entered this desolate dwelling, and when the doctor paid them a visit, he went away content, and with a light heart, for he saw they were happy.

Three years passed thus, without anything occurring which needs to be recorded. At the end of that time

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Philip fell sick. Sickness amongst the peasantry, who only live by the labor of their hands, is terrible; if prolonged they soon become destitute.

For five months Philip lay on his bed of pain. Their resources were all exhausted, and the compassion of those who had at first come to their aid, began to be exhausted also. The five francs salary which Madeleine received with Marie was not sufficient to pay for the medicines, and more than once the poor woman, seated between the weeping child and her husband, who was suffering great pain, raised her eyes to heaven and implored that an end might come to these trials. Bread was often scarce, and Madeleine, in order to gain a few sous, had to leave Marie and Philip who much needed her presence. She went to labor in the fields, and returned in the evening harassed with fatigue, to her suffering husband and daughter, to whom she could only give the necessary attention, by losing some of the little sleep left possible to her by the complaints of Philip.

She believed that nothing could add to her wretchedness, and yet a blow more terrible than all these was in store for her.

One morning, when leaving her house to go to the fields, she noticed a great commotion in the village, she inquired into the cause, and was no sooner informed of it, than she fell senseless on the pavement. An order had come to change the foundlings which inhabited the village. They were to be taken to a distance of thirty leagues, and others were to be given to the nurses, which had been brought from that part of the country. The administration which

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had ordered this measure congratulated itself greatly on the success which would be likely to attend this new means of diminishing the expenses consequent upon the raising of these infants. Many foster-mothers, they felt confident, would renounce the salary allowed them rather than part from these little ones who had become dear to them as their own. They, therefore, speculated upon this affection. Madeleine went not to the fields, she re-entered the house, and taking the little Marie on her knees, waited with anxiety and terror for the arrival of the overseer from the hospital. He was a severe man, accustomed to the harsh and pitiless rules of the administration. He told his business in a few words: they must give up their child and prepare to receive another.

The sick man on hearing these dreadful words, sat up on his bed, and taking the hand of Marie, declared with an awful oath, that he would not be separated from her.

"But if I leave her (such are the rules of the administration), you must prove to me that you are able to support her; it is my duty to see that she is certain of good food and proper attention."

"If I could labor she would have nothing to desire," replied Philip. "Until I am well enough, she will fare as we do. If bread fails, my wife and myself will be the first to suffer.

The overseer cast around him scrutinizing glances. Poverty was plainly visible in the nakedness and desolation of the apartment.

"I cannot leave this child with you," said he. "Even

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if the change had not been ordered, I should have felt compelled to take her from you. Return to me the papers which you received along with Marie Stephen."

Madeleine, who heard these words as a criminal hears his sentence of death, embraced more closely the little girl, who wept without comprehending why, only that she was afraid of the harsh-looking man who kept looking on her as he spoke.

"Do as I bid you," resumed the overseer, in a loud and angry tone.

"I will not give up my child; I will not be separated from her," said Madeleine. "I have nursed her. I love her. She has replaced the children which God had taken away from me. Leave her with me, sir; rather than that she should want for anything, I would starve myself; I would almost commit a bad action. My God, pardon me the thought?"

"The child must be given up to me."

"She shall not leave us!"

"Come! give her up with a good grace; my time is precious, I cannot afford to lose it in this manner."

"She shall not go, I tell you!"

Sick as he was, Philip sprang from his bed; his strength failed him, he fell at the feet of the overseer, but he clasped his bare and thin arms around the child.

The overseer went out, but returned some moments after with the mayor and a bailiff.

The distracted Madeleine rushed to the threshold of her house.

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"Do you see," cried she, to the persons whom curiosity had assembled outside, "they are going to take my child away from me by force."

Murmurs and imprecations now arose from the group.

"Sir," said the mayor to the overseer, "you know what trouble we have had in executing your wishes in the rest of the village. Believe me, give way in this instance, or we may have more. I will engage to give these peasants who are honest people, so much assistance, that the child shall not suffer."

The overseer, was one of those men who knows only the letter of the law he has received, and who disdains to put a liberal or intelligent construction upon it. Besides, like all narrow minded men, he was excessively stubborn.

"In the name of the Prefect, who requires you to render me assistance; you must compel these people to give up this child which I deem it necessary to take away from them."

"Come Philip! come Madeleine!" said the mayor, "you see it is necessary to obey."

Madeleine carried the child to the farthest part of the chamber. Philip dragged himself in front of it.

"You shall pass over my body before taking her," said he.

"Bailiff," said the overseer, "I command you to take this child."

The bailiff advanced reluctantly, when suddenly the peasants, witnesses of this scene, stepped between him and Marie. At the same time cries arose from all parts, and

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stones began to fly about the ears of the mayor and overseer.

"We will keep our children! we will not return our children!" cried they. "No one shall separate us from them. No exchanges! no exchanges!"

The overseer hastened to his carriage and drove away as fast as he could.

Next morning a company of soldiers came to occupy the village, and the little Marie was torn from the arms of her foster parents.

III.

When the soldiers who had been sent to the village, entered the cottage of Philip and Madeleine, they met with no resistance. The sick man overcome by a raging fever seemed unaware of the municipal summons. His wife, seated near the fireplace, made no movement. Marie, terrified, took refuge beside her mother, who, motionless, her look fixed, her hands joined in the attitude of prayer, seemed like a statue.

They took the child notwithstanding her screams, and carried her away. After the departure of the armed force, the curé, knowing the trouble his parishoners would be in, hastened to the cottage. He found them in the state we have described, almost stupified by grief, scarcely able to understand the good words he addressed to them. Philip was first able to shed tears, thanks to the weakness and enervation produced by his long illness. As to Madeleine, her eyes continued red and inflamed, she breathed with

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difficulty, and all the features of her pale face appeared contracted.

"I suffered less," murmured she in reply to the curé's exhortations, "yes, I suffered less on the day my last child died."

"All is not lost," replied the curé, "you may some day, soon perhaps, find again your adopted daughter, and bring her to your house, to be no more separated."

"Oh! do not deceive me! do not deceive me in the hope of consoling, think what agony a new disappointment may cause us."

"I am not deceiving you, my children. When Philip's health is restored, and you are again in the prosperous condition you were formerly, I charge myself, with the assistance of the mayor, to bring about the restoration of Marie. If I had not been poor myself, I should have come forward and tried to hasten this much desired moment. But you know that I have but little to distribute amongst my suffering hearers, and like an impartial father I must divide that equally, considering the claims of justice, rather than the feelings of my own heart."

"The doctor, Madeleine, go for the doctor. For two weeks I have done nothing which he ordered," cried Philip. "I no longer considered my cure possible. Now, I feel hope arising in my heart, since Marie's restoration depends upon my health. I will follow to the letter the physicians orders."

As he spoke, he raised himself on the bed, an unusual animation in his face.

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Madeleine, stricken to the heart, appeared insensible to the hope which, shone in the eyes of her husband.

"Go Madeleine!" repeated the sick man.

She remained motionless, sad, despairing.

"You do not then wish to see your daughter again?" asked the curé. Then as she made no reply, he added,

"Is your love for her, less than that of your husband?"

If any other than the curé had spoken thus, the outraged mother would have made an angry reply; she only smiled bitterly, and hid her face in her apron. Soon the curé heard her sobs. It was precisely what he wished. After this first burst of grief was over, he took her hand.

"Courage and hope," said he, "God is at the end of these trials. After pain comes the recompense; after the toilsome journey, the happy arrival."

These words of the old priest seemed like a prediction; for from the next day the health of Philip began to improve, the fever abated, and life returned little by little into the wasted limbs of the laborer. Was it the agitation produced by the events of the last few days? Must we attribute his convalescence to the will, that human power which works miracles? or shall we believe that God in his mercy had sent an angel to heal the sick man? The fact is that eight days after the legal robbery of Marie, Philip walked to the threshold of his cottage, and warmed himself in the mild rays of the sun; little by little his strength returned; he began to labor, and two months after there was no trace of the suffering the robust peasant had

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endured; he could again conduct the plow from the rising to the setting of the sun.

But the malady had left its traces deeply imprinted in the affairs of the poor household. Overwhelmed by the debts which they had contracted amongst their neighbors, who were almost as necessitous as themselves, they must first, and before every thing, restore them the money of which they had despoiled themselves, (like St. Martin of his cloak, himself remaining half naked.) Six months passed away before they had paid all their debts. Then how joyful were they when Madeleine said to Philip one evening on his return from the fields:

"Now we have only to work for Marie."

From that time their economy knew no bounds; it was, I may say, almost like insanity. The greatest privations cost them nothing. They scarcely dared to eat. Madeleine, whose large fingers had until then never known how to manage a needle, became, by dint of patience and will, the most skilful dressmaker of the country, and ended by earning her twenty sous per day. Philip, during the two hours relaxation given to the laborers, for breakfast and dinner, made baskets. God blessed and rendered the labors of these poor people so fruitful, that one day, Madeleine, who carried all her savings to the curé, heard these words which almost killed her with joy.

"My child, you can set off when you please to bring back your little Marie."

She opened her lips to utter an exclamation of joy, but so great was her agitation, that no sound issued

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from them. She fell on her knees, and raised her hands to heaven.

"Here are all the papers you will require," said the priest, whose emotion equalled almost that of Madeleine. "The mayor has arranged everything so that they will deliver the child to you without trouble; you have only to go there. It is a journey of forty leagues, but you are a good walker, and can take the diligence when you return with the child."

He gave to Madeleine the money she would require for the journey, and, along with the papers, a letter addressed to the curé of the village of Picardy, to which she was going. He then added some instructions, to which she scarcely listened in her eagerness to return to Philp with the happy tidings.

Before daylight next morning she set off, accompanied by Philip, and provided with a chart of the road which the mayor had furnished, and which asked for her the slight assistance which persons give to indigent travellers. At the distance of a league from the village, they separated, and when Madeleine looked back for the last time, she saw Philip still looking after her, and waving his handkerchief in sign of adieu. Four days after her departure from Wancourt, Madeleine reached the village to which she was bound, having travelled almost ten leagues per day. Little did she care for heat or fatigue when going to see Marie again.

With an intelligence and precision which could not have been expected in one so little accustomed to the world, she

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went first to the house of the mayor to place before him the papers given her by the curé. She wished to explain to the magistrate the motives which impelled her to make the journey, and after she had explained everything to him, she would go and take her child.

Unfortunately the mayor was from home. She had not the resolution to wait longer, and asked for some one to conduct her to the house of the woman who now had the care of Marie.

"Mother Pasturin will be in the fields at this hour," said the boy who attended her.

"If we do not find her at home, I will go meet her, for without doubt she will have taken my little Marie along."

They soon reached the house of the nurse; the little boy pushed the half opened door with his foot, and Madeleine cast her eager eyes around, but Marie was not there.

There were two children, however; one, according to the custom of the country, was put into a linen bag, which was suspended from the wall,—it was crying. Further on in the cabin lay asleep upon rags a miserable little creature, dirty, shabby, discolored, thin, with hair in disorder. Madeleine hastened towards the poor little abandoned one. Perhaps it might be Marie. Alas! she recognized nothing of the plump pink and white little girl, in the suffering spectre extended on the ground.

Filled with cruel forebodings; for the woman who treated this child so badly was not likely to be kind to Marie, she said to the little boy:

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"Let us go and find the nurse in the fields, for I am in a hurry to see her, and take away my child."

The boy gave the door a sudden push, making so much noise that the child awoke with a start, and raising her head looked around her. Seeing a stranger, she fixed upon her, eyes, which looked large in her emaciated countenance, and sparkled from fever. Then fell back upon her bed. Madeleine, much moved, knelt down near the child, whom she looked upon anxiously, but could not recognize Marie in her.

"No, it is not Marie," said she, much relieved.

That name, that voice, seemed to make upon the child a profound impression; she got up, and looked on Madeleine with surprise and doubt, then all at once sprang forward, and throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, "Mother! mother!"

It was Marie, it was the adopted child of Madeleine, that child for whom she had labored, had prayed, had counted the days which seemed to pass with such cruel slowness; Marie, her daughter, her soul, her life, her hope, her happiness; Marie, dying of want and misery. She seized the child in her arms, pressed it to her heart, put back from its discolored forehead its disordered hair, that beautiful fair hair, which had been her joy and pride. Sometimes she covered her with frantic kisses, sometimes sobbed in her despair, then burst forth into threats against the wretch who had condemned to so much suffering, the poor angel confided to her mercenary cares.

Marie hid her face in the bosom of her mother, her

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limbs trembled with emotion; all at once she uttered a cry of terror.

"Mamma, mamma," murmured she, pressing more closely against Madeleine.

It was her nurse who entered.

Madeleine explained in a few brief and dry words, that she had come to take back the child, and told her of the official papers which ordered the restitution of Marie.

The mother Pasturin was one of these little women, dry, thin, insignificant in appearance, but in whose face one sees avarice plainly defined, and complete hardness of heart. The first thought visible in the eyes of the greedy creature, when she saw Madeleine, and knew her purpose, was, that she had come to take away from her a revenue of five francs per month. Instead of paying attention to the cries of the child, which was fastened to the wall, according to an unfortunate custom of the country, and appeasing its hunger, she replied in a voice hypocritically mild, that she could not give up Marie except to the inspector from whose hands she had received her.

"Thank God! you will not have long to wait," replied Madeleine, who could scarcely repress the anger and hatred she felt for this woman. "All my papers are at the mayor's, and there is no doubt as to their correctness."

"That remains to be seen; one cannot be too careful."

"Do not fear; nothing is wanting," said Madeleine.

Then all at once her patience failed, and she added involuntarily,

"You shall not finish killing my child."

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"Kill your child!" replied the shrew in her sharpest accent; "kill your child!—if you come here to insult me, go out of my house."

"I intend to do so, and never expect to set foot in it again. Come Marie,—come, my darling."

And she stooped to take the little girl in her arms.

"A moment," said the nurse, stopping her,—"do not be in such haste. This child shall not leave here without positive orders from the authorities, and vouchers to show that I am discharged from all responsibility," added she, throwing this large word at Madeleine.

"I go alone, then," interrupted Madeleine, "but I shall soon come back, and take away the child you have treated so badly."

In a few minutes she reached the house of the mayor, who was now at home. He was an old man, endowed with a dangerous half intelligence, and consequently vain and irritable. Because he had some legal knowledge, he was always endeavoring to apply it in a pedantic, minute, and irritating manner. For him the legal form was every thing. Therefore whilst Madeleine was burning with impatience to go and recover Marie, he placed his spectacles on his nose, took the papers brought by her, and examined them for a long time, methodically, scrupulously, interminably, and finished by uttering an exclamation of triumph.

"All that is not according to rule!" said he, pushing away the papers disdainfully. Madeleine became pale as a corpse.

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"All is not according to rule?" repeated she, almost fainting as she spoke.

"This paper wants the seal of the mayor of your village. Here is an affidavit signed by two witnesses; their signatures are not legalized by the mayor."

Madeleine did not comprehend the importance or non-importance of these neglected formalities.

"And can I not take my child again," stammered she, in a choking voice.

"Have I not told you these are not right."

"What must I do then?"

"Write to your mayor; send him these papers that he may remedy this defect; afterwards he will send them back to you, and if all is then right, we can occupy ourselves with the business which brings you here."

"But Sir! my child will be dead by that time, if I cannot take her immediately from the hands of that woman."

"That is not my fault. I cannot interpose my authority before having in my hands the necessary powers."

"Alas!" cried the distracted Madeleine, "what will become of me? I shall lose my senses. Sir, I neither know how to read or write, what can I do?"

"You can find some one in the village, who will render you this service."

"Will you not have the goodness to do it yourself? To explain all these things which I do not understand to the mayor of Wancourt?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

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"I am not a public scribe, good woman; Go! When every thing is right you may return."

She obeyed mechanically, and remained for some moments in the street almost stupified by her despair.

Then maternal tenderness restored her courage and energy, she enquired for the house of the schoolmaster, and explained every thing to him with a clearness which astonished herself.

"The papers I have brought are not exactly right," said she. "You must enquire of the mayor what is wanting; then you will write all about it to the curé of Wancourt, and send the packet by some one who can be trusted to the post-office of the neighboring city. I will pay all expenses."

These important arrangements effected, she hastened to the house of the woman Pasturin, who, when she saw her return alone, with a troubled countenance, smiled with an infernal joy.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, with an air which showed too well that she understood the contrary, "you come then to take back your child."

"Something is wanting on my papers," replied Madeleine humbly, "I hope that will not prevent us from understanding each other, and that you will let me take Marie to the inn, until these papers can be set right."

"Compromise my responsibility!" cried the little woman with her disagreable voice, and placing particular stress on the large word she was so proud of, "I certainly shall not; notwithstanding the desire I have to be agreable to you, I

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will not give her up until ordered to do so, as my duty prescribes."

"I will give you all you can ask of me."

"For shame! to talk about money. So far from taking her with you, you shall not even see her. You will therefore please leave my house."

"Oh! you cannot send me away," said Madeleine, "you will have pity on me, and suffer me to remain."

"Pity on you who so lately insulted me, and reproached me with the sickness of this child, as if I was responsible for the bad food you gave her when she was with you. Was it I who took her away from you when you could not do your duty by her. Go off with you!"

Madeleine heard not this abusive language, took no notice of the reproaches heaped upon her; she had but one idea, one thought, not to leave Marie.

"I ask your pardon, I ask it on my knees. I was to blame. Grant me my request and I will do every thing you can wish. I will be your good friend."

"I want none of your friendship. Go out of my house."

"I will not go away," said Madeleine, seating herself on the threshold with desperate resolution, "you may beat me, you may tread me under foot, but I will not leave my child."

This quarrel attracted some of the neighbors, and soon a crowd assembled before the house of the widow Pasturin. Madeleine related her sad story with an artless eloquence, and a grief so profound, that these good people took her part, and loaded with reproaches the wicked nurse, who

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threw back reproach for reproach, and soon the entire village was stirred up. The mayor came, harangued the crowd, spoke of legality, and by his hollow, sonorous, and high flown words, made some of the people believe all was not right. At length Madeleine despairing, gave way to force, and suffered some of the people to take her to a neighboring inn, whilst the little Marie screamed after her with all her might.

Meanwhile Philip was pining from ennui and expectation. To see his wife again, to recover his adopted daughter, were the two ideas which left him not for a moment; they preoccupied him during labor, and even during sleep. Sometimes he was surprised with his foot resting on the spade, which he forgot to thrust in, his look fixed, and so absorbed in a revery, that it was necessary to speak to him several times before awakening his attention. When the curé announced to him the delay, caused by the irregularity of the papers, he cursed like a heathen; although ordinarily, two oaths a year did not escape him. Happily the letter did not speak of the sickness of the child, or God only knows what would have become of him.

A second week passed away, in this agitation and anxiety. Each morning, and each evening, after finishing his labor, Philip went upon the road, climbed all the heights that he might see to a greater distance, and returned to his home dejected and depressed. The two last days he was unable to labor, and remained all the time on the high road.

At length he saw, afar off, a black speck, which caused

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his heart to beat. He ran then with all his strength, intoxicated with joy, and blessing God.

It was Madeleine! and in her arms, carried like an infant was the long absent Marie. Notwithstanding Madeleine's fears, she lived through that eventful week, but so pale, so wasted was she, that for some time her fond mother could not help weeping as she looked upon her. Philip's delight, no language can describe; he took her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, laughed and wept over her by turns; the whole village rejoiced in their joy, and in the care of this worthy couple I leave her.

THE TRUE MAN.

I know of no crusader bold,
  Nor palmer, nor Paynim,
However stout his battle arm
  Or loud his battle-hymn;
I know not one of all their host,
  From rearmost to the van,
Whom I can hold by right and truth
  So brave and true a Man
As he, who of his own resolve,
  By conscience pricked and stirred,
Dares brand a Wrong before the world,
  By deed, or thought, or word!

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IDALIA

I know a fair young girl,
With a spirit wild and free,
As the birds that flit o'er the dimpling wave,
Then away to the wildwood flee;
And she seems like a wreath of mist,
As she moves through the summer bowers,
With a step too floatingly soft to break
The sleep of the dreaming flowers.

Her eye is bright and clear
As the depths of a shaded spring,
And beauty's name in her brow is set—
On her cheek its signet ring:
And her voice is like the sound
Of a wave through the twilight leaves;
Or a Peri's tones from a moonlight cloud
Through the dews of the summer eves.

Along her temples pale
The blue veins winding flow,
In their gentle course half seen, half hid,
Like streams in a field of snow;
And her glowing tresses there
Their beautiful light unfold,
Like a painted cloud where the sunset lifts
Its shadowy wings of gold.

To me, each thought of her
Is a gleam of light and love,
A gentle dream sent down to earth,
From the holy depths above:
'Tis a blessed sunbeam cast
On affliction's cloud of tears,
A star o'er the waste of a weary heart
A bow on the sky of years.

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THE RECONCILIATION.

LADY! I thank thee for that smile,
That gentle look, that cordial tone;
They've cheer'd a desert heart, erewhile,
As chill as Zembla's icy zone:
And now from feeling's holiest font,
The eager tides of joy are pressing—
To gift thee with a benison,
To bless thee with their richest blessing.

The sunshine of thy cordial glance,
Has oped the source whence rapture springs,
And as the trooping hours advance,
Its light shall tinge their noiseless wings:
The heart shall know no pining grief,
The spirit feel no withering sorrow—
But from that glance shall win relief—
But from that glance a balm shall borrow.

'Twas but a moment that we met—
That moment seal'd the fate of ages;
Its glory lingers round me yet,
Enstamp'd on mem'ry's faithful pages:
I feel its hallow'd influence now,
Clothing in down the chains of duty;
And all embathed in bliss, I bow,
The subject of thy queenly beauty.

I pause—for speech is vain as air,
And truth itself would seem a fiction,
And every word *would* be a prayer,
And every breath a benediction:
A prayer for whom? a prayer for thee!
To whom such matchless grace is given—
That in thy charms, thou seem'st to be
The own, peculiar ward of Heaven.

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THE COLD WATER FANATIC.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"COME Parker," said a young man named Franklin, "There's to be a temperance meeting over at Marion Hall. Dont you want to hear the speaking?"

"No, I believe not," was answered, indifferently, "I have little fancy for such things."

"Sturgess is in town, and, I am told, will make an address."

"I heard him once, and that was enough for me," replied Parker. "He's a cold water fanatic."

This was said in a group of half a dozen men most of whom were strangers to Parker. Some of these looked at each other with knowing glances. Here a separation took place, and the different parties moved away.

"I think you had better go with me," said Parker's friend, who still kept in his company. "If Sturgess is a little enthusiastic in the cause, he is yet a very interesting speaker. Perhaps he may say something that will set even you to thinking."

"I'm not a drunkard," returned Parker.

"No; still, you are not beyond the reach of danger. No man is, who daily gratifies a desire for a glass of brandy."

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"Don't you think I could do without it?"

"Certainly; you could do without it *now*."

"Why do you say *now* so emphatically."

"Now, means at the present time."

"Well?"

"I cannot speak for the future. You are not ignorant of the power of habit."

"Upon my word! you are complimentary. Then you really think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"Every young man, who takes daily a glass of brandy, is in that danger."

"You really think so?"

"Most assuredly! How are drunkards made? You know the process as well as I do. Every mighty river has its beginning in a scarcely noticed stream. Ask the most besotted inebriate for the history of his fall, and you will find a part of that history running parallel with your own at the present time."

"You are serious, as I live!" said Parker, forcing a smile.

"It is hardly a matter for jest. But, come! Go with me to hear this cold water fanatic, as you call him. You have no other engagement for the evening. Now that your thoughts have been turned upon the subject of a daily glass of brandy, it may be as well for you to hear something further as to the consequences of such a habit. A wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself."

"But the fool,—why don't you finish the quotation, Franklin?"

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"That is needless. Its application you fully understand. You will go with me?"

"I will; as you seem so earnest about the matter."

And so Parker went to Marion Hall, which he found crowded. After some difficulty in procuring a seat, he made out to get one very near to the platform, upon which was seated the president and secretary of one of the temperance associations in the place, with two or three others who were to act as speakers. One of these latter was a man past the prime of life. His hair was thin and gray, and his face lean and withered; but his dark, restless eyes showed that within was an active mind and quick feelings. This was Sturgess, the individual before referred to. After the usual preliminaries, necessary on such occasions, he arose to address the meeting. For some time he stood with his eyes moving through the audience. All was hushed to profound silence; and there was a breathless expectation throughout the room. The speaker's usual style was impulsive. He was more given to declamation than argument; generally carrying his hearers with him by the force of a strong enthusiasm.

"My friends," he at length said, in a low, subdued, yet thrillingly distinct voice. His manner, to those who had before listened to him, was so different from what was expected, that they felt a double interest in the speaker, and bent forward, eager to catch every word.

"My friends," he repeated, "A little over half an hour ago, an incident occurred which has so checked the current of my thoughts and feelings, that I find myself in a state

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better fitted for the seclusion of my chamber, than for public speaking. It is a weakness, I know; but even the best of us are not at all times able to rise above our weaknesses. I was conversing with a friend in the midst of a group of men, some of whom were unknown to me, when one of the latter proposed to an acquaintance whom he called by name, an attendance upon this meeting. 'I have no fancy for such things,' was answered. 'Sturgess is to speak,' was advanced as an argument. 'He's a cold water fanatic,' said the young man, with a sneer."

There was the most perfect stillness throughout the room. All eyes were fixed upon Sturgess, whose low, subdued tone of voice, so unusual for him, made a marked impression on the audience. He stood, for some moments, again silent, his eye searching everywhere.

"If," he resumed, in the same low, half sad, impressive voice, "that young man were here to-night, I would feel it a duty, as well as a privilege, to tell him why I have become what he calls a cold water fanatic,—why I let forth my whole soul in this cause—why I am at times over enthusiastic—why I am, probably, a little intemperate in my crusade against the monster vice that has desolated our homes and robbed us of the sweet promise God once gave us in our children."

"The speaker's voice had trembled,—but now it was lost in a sob. In a moment he recovered himself and went on, still in the same low, searching tones.

"In the sweet promise of our children. Where are they? I look all around this large audience. There sits

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an old friend; and there, and there. Like mine, their heads are blossoming for eternity. Long years ago, we started side by side on the journey of life. We had our wives and our little ones around us then. Where are they now?"

Another long pause and deep silence followed. The dropping of a pin could have been heard in that crowded assembly.

"When my thoughts go wandering back to that olden time," resumed the speaker, "and I see, in imagination, the bright hearth-fire, now extinguished, and hear, in imagination, the glad voices of children, now hushed forever; and when I think of what caused this sad change, I do not wonder that I have been all on fire, as it were; that I have appeared to some a mere cold water fanatic.

"I wish that young man were here to-night; and, perhaps, he is here. I will, at any rate, take his presence for granted, and make, briefly, my address to him.

"You have called me, my young friend, a cold water fanatic. If you had said, enthusiast, I would have liked the term better. But, no matter—a fanatic let it be. And what has made me so? I will draw for you a picture.

"There is a small, meagerly furnished room in the third story of an old building. The time is winter; and on the hearth burns a few pieces of pine wood that afford but little warmth. Three persons are in that room—a mother and her two children. The mother is still young; but her thin, sad, suffering face, tells a story of poverty, sickness, and that heart-sorrow which dries up the very fountains of

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life. A few years previously, she had gone forth from her father's house, a happy bride, looking down the opening vista of the future, and seeing nought but joy and sunshine. She clung to her husband as confidingly as the vine clings to the oak; and she loved him with all the fervor and devotion of a pure young heart. Alas! that a shadow so soon fell upon her path; that love's clinging tendrils were so soon torn away!

"She is still young. Look upon her, as she moves with feeble steps about her room. Ah! into what a depth of misery she has fallen. Where is her husband? He who so solemnly swore to love, cherish and keep her in sickness and in health? The door has opened! He enters,—Gaze upon him! No wonder an expression of pain and disgust is in your countenance; for a miserable drunkard is before you. No wonder the poor wife's pale cheek grows paler, nor that the sadness of her face changes into a look of anguish. Hark! He has greeted her with an angry word. He staggers across the room, and in doing so, throws over that little toddling thing on her way to meet him. The mother with an exclammation, springs forward to save her child from harm. See! The drunken wretch has thrust her angrily aside with his strong arm; and she has fallen—fallen with her head across a chair!

"The fall, my friends, proved fatal. A week after that unhappy day, I stood by the grave of one, who had been to me the best and most loving of children!"

The speaker's voice faltered. But he recovered himself and went on: "A few years before, I gave my child, dear

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to me as the apple of an eye, into the keeping of one I believed to be kind, noble-hearted and faithful. He was so, then—yes, I will still say this. But, the demon of Intemperance threw upon him her baleful glances, and he became changed. And such a change. The scene I have pictured took place in a far off city, whither my child had been taken. Alas! the poor child did not die in my arms. I was summoned too late. Only the sad pleasure of gazing upon her wasted cheeks, white as marble, and icy cold, remained to me."

The old man could no longer suppress his emotions. Tears gushed over his face, and he wept aloud. Few dry eyes were in that assemblage.

"Is it any wonder," resumed Sturgess, after he had again recovered the mastery of his feelings, "that I am a cold water fanatic? Methinks, if the young man to whom I have referred, had passed through a sorrow like this, he too, would have been an enthusiast—a fanatic, if he will—in the cause of temperance. He too, would have proclaimed from the streets and the house-tops, in highways and by-ways, his mission of reform and regeneration. But let me say to him, and to all like him, that prevention is better than cure,—that it is easier to keep sober than to get sober,—easier to give up the daily glass at twenty two or twenty five, than at thirty or forty. These drinking habits gain strength more rapidly than others, from the fact that they vitiate the whole system, and produce a diseased vital action.

"A cold water fanatic! perhaps I am. But have I not

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had cause? Ten years ago, a youth of the brightest promise stepped confidently upwards, and set his foot on the firm earth of manhood. He had education, talents, industry and good principles. But he lacked one element of safety—he had not a deeply fixed antagonism toward all forms of intemperance:—indeed, like the young man to whom I have before refered, he rather regarded the advocates of temperance as fanatics. And he was not so much to blame on this account, for his own father, in whom he confided, kept liquors in his side-board, used them himself, and set them out in mistaken hospitality before his friends. Well, this young man went on well for a time; but, sad to relate, a change was apparent in a few years. His frequent visits to taverns brought him into contact with dangerous companions. Drinking was followed by its usual consequences, idleness; and the two united in speedily working his ruin.

"My friends." The speaker was again visibly excited. "One night, two years ago, I was returning home from a visit to a neighbor. It was dark, for heavy clouds obscured the sky, and there were all the indications of a rapidly approaching storm. Presently, lightning began to gleam out, and thunder to roll in the distance. I was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from home, when the rain came down in a fierce gust of wind. The darkness was now so intense, that I could not see five paces ahead; but, aided by the lightning, I obtained shelter beneath a large tree. I had been there, only a few moments, when a human groan came upon my ears, chilling the blood back to my very heart. The next flash enabled me to see for an instant, the pros-

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trate form of a man. He lay close to my feet. I was, for the time, paralized. At length, as flash after flash rendered the figure momently visible, and groan after groan awoke humane feelings, I spoke aloud. But, the only answer was that continued moan, as of one in mortal agony. I drew nearer and bent over the prostrate body. Then, by the lightning's aid, I knew it but too well. It was, alas!—that of the unhappy young man I have mentioned—*my own son!*

"I took him in my arms," continued the old man, in a faltering voice, after another pause, in which the audience bent forward with manifestations of intense interest, "and, with a strength given at the time, carried him home. I was from the moment of recognition, unconscious of storm or darkness. Alas! when I laid him upon his own bed, in his own room, and looked eagerly down into his face, that face was rigid in death. If I am a cold water fanatic, friends, here is my apology. Is it not all sufficient?"

And he sat down, amid low murmurs of feeling.

For a time the silence of expectation reigned throughout the room. Then one of the audience stood up in his seat, and every gaze was turned toward him. It was the young man Parker. Fixing his eyes upon the still disturbed countenance of the speaker, he said slowly and distinctly:

"Yes, the apology is more than sufficient. I take back the words unwisely spoken. With such an experience, a man may well be pardoned for enthusiasm. Thanks! my venerable friend, not only for your rebuke, but for your reminiscence. I never saw my danger as I see it now, but

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like a wise man, forseeing the evil, I will hide myself, rather than pass on, like the fool, and be punished. This night, I enlist in your cold water army, and I trust to make a brave soldier."

Parker sat down, when instantly, a shout went up that startled the far off slumbering echoes. Sturgess, yielding to the impulse of his feelings, sprung from the stage, and grasping the young man's hand, said in a voice not yet restored to calmness—

"My son!—born of love for this high and holy cause; I bless you! Stand firm! Be a faithful soldier! Our enemies are named legion; but we shall yet prevail against them."

Here drop we the curtain of our narrative. Parker, when the hour of cool reflection came, saw no reason to repent of what he had done. He is now a faithful soldier in the cold water army.

If we knew all that some advocates of temperance have suffered, we might well pardon an enthusiasm that at times, seems to verge on fanaticism. *They* have felt the curse—*they* have endured the pain—*they* know the monster vice in every phase of its hideous deformity. No, we need not wonder at their enthusiasm, the wonder should rather be, that it is not greater.

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THE INEBRIATE'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

Pause by this solitary grave far from the marble white,
Within the church-yard corner lone, as if it shrank from sight;
No head-stone tells the passer-by, the slumberer's home or name,
But rankly grow the towering weeds to hide the inebriate's shame.

Some little hand with watchful care, has plucked them from the grave,
And placed a slender rose-tree there, the chilling storm to brave;
But little heeds the busy world, the grief of that young heart,
Who wanders in his loneliness, far from the crowded mart

And blame him not, ye peerless ones, that oft he comes to weep,
And youthful pastimes all foregoes, sad vigils here to keep:
For "Father" is a holy name, and here a Father lies—
Oh, what a world of agony within those sever'd ties!

The sleeper was not always thus—in childhood he was fair:
The Father's pride—the Mother's joy—the lov'd one of their care;
And when in splendor forth he came upon bright manhood's stage,
How glorious was the book of life! no spot had dimm'd its page.

But Pleasure, with a serpent's wiles, crept into Eden's bowers;
The wine-cup poison'd with its touch—a sting was in the flowers:
Till lost to honor, love and wealth, he yielded to the spell,
And quaff'd the deadly beverage—the god-like being fell.

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Wo for the young and trusting wife, whose garner'd hopes are crush'd!
Wo for the helpless, bright-eyed boy, whose orphan tear-drops gush'd!
Wo for the parents' broken hearts, when they the cold sod press'd!
And wo for the inebriate, in loathsomeness to rest!

But deeper woes, aye, bans of heaven, will surely find their way
To him who deals the poison'd cup, a burning thirst to allay
Behold your deeds, ye guilty ones, the ruin ye have made,
And turn in penitence to God, heart-stricken and afraid!

DELHI, Delaware Co., N. Y.

LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

LET us try to be happy! we may if we will
Find some pleasures in life to o'erbalance the ill;
There was never an evil, if well understood,
But what, rightly managed, would turn to a good,
If we were but as ready to look to the light
As we are to sit moping because it is night;
We should own it a truth, both in word and in deed,
That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed.

O, try to be happy! It is not for long
We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song.
If we make the best use of our time that we may,
There is much that we can do to enliven the way.
Let us only in earnestness each do our best,
Before God and our conscience, and trust for the rest;
Still taking this truth, both in word and in deed,
That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed.

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THE SPECULATOR:

A TALE OF MAMMON-WORSHIP.

About five-and-forty-years ago, Mr. Robert Oakley, merchant of Bristol, and otherwise a highly-respectable person, was enjoying the last afternoon remaining to him of his annual fortnight's respite from business among the cliffs and caves and downs of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. Mr. Oakley was at that time a man of mature age. More than forty winters glittered in his sharp gray eyes; and the glossy blackness of his plainly-cut, well-fitting coat, the spotless fineness of his linen, his elaborately-brushed broad-brimmed hat, and highly-polished cork-sole shoes, plainly announced a person with whom the world went smoothly. It had been for some time blowing hard, and the wind was momently increasing in violence; but Mr. Oakley, who was an enthusiastic admirer of sea scenery, with the help of a stout gold-headed walking-cane, resolutely stood his ground, and watched, with apparently untiring interest, the white-crested waves dash themselves in fierce pursuit of each other upon the shingly shore, or, where checked and hurled for an instant back by the Rock-Needles, leap and hiss in fierce derision above the summits of the vainly-obstructing masses, and sweep on as madly

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as before. Now and then a fishing-boat, or a larger vessel, drove past—in imminent danger, to his unpractised eye, of immediate engulfment, or of destruction on the iron shore; and a feeling of comfortable self-gratulation simmered at the merchant's heart, as the comparison of his own safety with the danger of those on board involuntarily but vividly suggested itself. At length a rapid change in the driving clouds overhead, from light fleecy strips to dark heavy patches, increasing in size and density, and the consequent quick darkening of the atmosphere, warned him that the fitful gusts of heavy rain which struck his face so sharply were but the precursors of a violent land as well as sea-storm, from which it would be prudent to escape with all possible despatch. The light on the corner of the Wight shot forth over the fierce waters as he turned homewards, instantly followed by a vivid flash of lightning and a heavy thunder-peal; so that even in the opinion of the lately-delighted admirer of sea and shore sublimity, a more wild, desolate, and disagreeable scene than now dimly and fitfully presented itself could scarcely be imagined. Fortunately, however, he could not be, he thought, more than about four or five miles from Yarmouth. Little more than an hour's smart walking would take him there, and then a change of apparel and a cup of tea would remedy and obliterate all inconveniences. Thus self-assured and confident, Mr. Oakley strode manfully forward in his rugged, circuitous road, unconscious of the deadly peril lying in wait for him in that secure hour, and brief, undreaded path. While he is struggling along in the growing darkness and drenching

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rain, I shall have time to note down a few traits of his moral character—a knowledge of which is essentially necessary to an accurate appreciation of his past and future actions.

Mr. Robert Oakley of Wine Street, Bristol, was known in that city as an *Irish* merchant—a designation applied in ports trading largely with the sister country to persons whose exports and imports are confined to Ireland. As much less capital is required in such a commerce than the merchant-princes, whose enterprise embraces the whole habitable globe, can boast of, its chief men take a considerably lower mercantile rank on mart and 'Change than their richer brethren. Especially in those palmy days of flourishing slave and sugar islands, the West-India merchant and proprietor stood high above his fellows, and nowhere more so than in the wealthy western metropolis of England. By no one were these magnates of commerce held in higher, more envious reverence, than by Mr. Robert Oakley. "How contemptible," he had often, but more especially of late, bitterly reflected, "how utterly insignificant are the poor twelve or thirteen thousand pounds—not certainly more than that—which the ceaseless industry of twenty of the best years of my life has enabled me to scrape together, compared with the collossal fortunes rapidly accumulated by men who, playing with vast ventures, frequently gain more, much more, at a single hit, than I do by a whole year of plodding perseverance and patient care!" As these thoughts gloomed across his mind, the true respectability

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of his position, his solid, if not extensive wealth, depending on none of the frightful chances which frequently sweep away at a blow the Aladin fortunes of great speculators, dwindled in his estimation into coarse beggar-wrappings—useful, indeed, for the common necessities of life, but only to be worn with humility, almost with shame, in the presence of the robes and furred gowns of the really rich men of the world.

With such repinings cankering at his heart, it is not to be supposed that Robert Oakley had not frequently cast about for one of those great and lucky ventures, one of those Napoleonic strokes, whereby immense results, the natural reward of a lifetime of ordinary energy and success, are secured by one fortunate turn of the commercial dice. He was ever looking out for such an opportunity, but none had hitherto presented itself sufficiently free from *hazard* to induce him, however momentarily dazzled, to boldly venture his fortunes upon it; and up to the time we left him on the bleak cliffs of Freshwater, he had been able to boast that, though often sorely tried, he had successfully withstood temptation—a result he owed somewhat to his naturally cautious, nervous temperament, to his dread of awakening the wolfish instincts of greed he felt to be latent within him, and which, he knew, required to be but once alimented with suddenly, easily-acquired gold, to start into vigorous, untameable life; but more, much more, than to any physical or mental qualities of his own, to the affectionate and wise counsels of his excellent wife, who, ever on the watch for such aberrations, gently drew him back

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from the contemplation of the deceptive shadow gleaming in the faithless waters, to the beaten paths of common sense and the safe retreats of home and competence.

Well had it been for Mr. Robert Oakley had these frequent trials and temptations taught him the highest as well as the most useful of all virtues—humility—a wise distrust of himself. Unfortunately they generated only arrogance of spirit—pride of heart; that pride which ever goeth before a fall; and an inordinate contempt for the feebler men whom he had seen fall irretrievably on the slippery path where he had himself so frequently stumbled. One of these unlucky ones was his only brother, Richard Oakley, who, endowed by nature with a quicker, a more sanguine temperament than himself, less wisely guided by marital counsel and advice, perhaps also more strongly tempted, had rashly speculated with the fortune bequeathed him by his father—five thousand pounds, the same sum that Robert inherited—and the common result of such bold leaps in the dark had awaited him—bankruptcy, ruin! He had married a lady of Belfast of the name of Neville, still young, although a widow, and the mother of one child, a boy. She brought no other fortune to her husband than beauty, innocence of heart, inextinguishable gaiety of temper, and yielding gentleness of disposition—admirable qualities, but, uncombined with the English gravity and prudence which distinguished her quiet, thoughtful sister-in-law, helped nothing to prevent, if indeed they did not hasten, a catastrophe which they could, however, cheer and soften. Perhaps Mrs. Richard Oakley never so truly

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loved her frank-tempered, facile-minded husband—certainly she never before exhibited such thoughtful tenderness—as when, scantily equipped for a new contest with the triumphant, mocking world, they bade adieu to the proud city that had witnessed their vain and brief prosperity, and subsequent deep humiliation, and went forth in search of happier, if humbler fortunes.

"You must not imagine," said Robert Oakley coldly, in reply to his brother, who, with his wife, had, with downcast looks and hesitating steps, entered his counting-house in Wine Street—"you must not imagine that other men have not been tempted by glittering baits, because they have not foolishly yielded to the seduction. I, too, have felt—all men, I imagine, have felt at times—the feverish appetite for sudden, inordinate gain which prompts the gamester whether he play on 'Change or at less reputable places; but I have striven with and conquered the evil impulse. Feeble spirits, unable to withstand such temptations, should flee from them."

"You, Robert, were always of a more reserved and cautious disposition than I."

"Possibly; still"——

"Besides," interrupted the weeping partner of the broken man—"besides being married to so discreet, so good, so excellent a wife. Ah, Richard," she added with an outburst of self-accusing grief, "had you never seen me, this calamity might never have befallen you!"

"Alice!" exclaimed her husband with reproachful tenderness—"Alice, this to me!"

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"We had better not waste time in profitless regrets for the past," said Robert Oakley. "I am glad for your own sakes, as well as mine, that you have determined on leaving Bristol. I promised you two hundred pounds: my wife has persuaded me into making it five hundred, and I do so on the express understanding of course that this gift is to be a final one."

"Bless her—bless her!" sobbed the grateful wife. "But God *has* blessed her, and for her sake hers."

"Here are notes," continued the elder brother, "for two hundred pounds, and a bill for three hundred, due in London the day after to-morrorw, which I discounted for Sir Martin Biddulph."

"Of Oatlands?"

"Yes: horse-racing and other noble and manly sports will, I doubt not, some day or other bring the owner of that fine property to the dogs. This bill will, however, I am pretty sure, be punctually paid. If not, I have indorsed it, and the London agents of the bankers here shall have instructions to pay it for my honor."

Little more was said, and Richard Oakley, with his wife, passed out of the counting-house into an inner room, where not cold service, but the warm sympathy of a gentle, loving heart, awaited them.

"You will not forget to write frequently, very frequently, to *me?*" said Mrs. Robert Oakley as she strained her sister-in-law in a parting embrace. "And Caroline—you will not forget Caroline, I know, any more than we shall Harry, or sweet little Alice? This is for her," she added

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in a whisper: "not a word, dear, if you love me—for her, not you."

Fourteen years had elapsed since this parting and the afternoon when Mr. Robert Oakley, as upright, physically and morally, as ever, and now rich to the extent of about £12,000, found himself suddenly overtaken by a heavy squall of wind and rain on the storm-beaten cliffs of the Isle of Wight. The distance he had to walk proved longer and more difficult of accomplishment than he had found it in the broad daylight a few hours previously, and he gladly availed himself of the opportune shelter offered by a small tavern at Freshwater to rest and refresh himself before attempting the one or two miles which, he was told, still intervened between him and Yarmouth.

There was a blazing fire in the bar-parlor of the little inn, tenanted only by a few comfortable, farmer-looking persons, and one or two unmistakable specimens of the half-seaman, whole-smuggler tribe, which at that period swarmed along the southern coast. Their conversation—a very animated one—ceased abrubtly on the entrance of the stranger; but at the sight of his pinched features and dripping garments, evidently not those of a gauger—and the company there assembled were first-rate judges on the point—they with rough but ready courtesy drew back from the fire, round which they had been seated, discussing war-politics and hot spirits and water, and invited him to approach and dry himself. He very readily complied with the invitation, and by the time the tea, which he had ordered

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on entering, was brought in and placed, at his request, on a small table as distant as possible from that of the tobacco-smokers, his chilled limbs, wet clothes, and ruffled temper, were pretty nearly restored to their normal condition; and he felt quite prepared to resume his journey as soon as the abatement of the rain, doubtfully hoped for by the weather-wisdom of the room, should enable him to do so with prudence. Thus recomposed, he sat quietly down to tea, and had just finished it, when his attention was sharply aroused by the noisy entrance of two rough fellows in shaggy jackets and "sou-wester" caps, pilots, it presently appeared, who had been out some days in the Channel, and had now brought up a schooner, bound from Shoreham to Poole, in the Yarmouth roads.

"A dirty night coming on, I'm thinking, Bob Sheldon?" remarked a fat, rosy-jowled person, seated cosily by the fire, as soon as the new-comers were fairly settled in their chairs.

"You said coming on, Farmer Gage?" replied the gentleman so familiarly addressed in a dry, rasping voice, which the large tumbler of brandy and water he had already thrown down his throat could have done nothing to liquefy or soften—"you said coming on? It would blow the horns off a bull at the back of the Wight *now*, so it's to be hoped there ain't much more coming on, or the *Mary-Ann* will part her cable in Yarmouth roads. A light, Jack. Thanks! This 'bacca," he added, after indulging in a few delicious whiffs—"this 'bacca, is a very creditable article, considering it was never christened in a custom-house."

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"Stow that, Bob Sheldon!" interrupted one of the party, hastily taking the pipe from his mouth, and jerking the point of it over his shoulder in the direction of Mr. Robert Oakley's dark corner. "Stow that, my hearty!"

Bob Sheldon paused in his agreeable pastime, and shading his eyes with his hand, peered curiously in the direction indicated by his cautious friend. The examination must have been satisfactory, as he quickly and quietly resumed his pipe and the conversation.

"The gale was fortinately right aft, Farmer Gage; but just to give you a notion of what a screamer it is outside, we've been but little odds of six hours coming from Guarnsey to Yarmouth roads, besides boarding and bringing in the schooner over the bargain."

"That's a smart run, that is, Bob," observed one of the seamen; "but you had the tide from the Caskets."

"Ay, lad, that's true."

"Anything at Guarnsey likely to be coming our way?"

"Well, there's a sloop-of-war lying there with a prize she'll be bringing in to Portsmouth; and there's a large barque, that put in two or three hours before we left, loaded with rum and sugar. She's been knocking about for the last three weeks everywhere but where she ought to be, and last Sunday's paper, I mind, said she was supposed to be either lost or carried into a French port. She's had her bulwarks stove in, and has lost her boats, with some other damage; but the cargo, they said, was all safe and sound. She'll come in, I daresay, in a day or two."

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"I don't remember hearing about her; where does she hail from?"

"She's the *Three Sisters* of Bristol, Captain Paulding, or some such name. Hollo, friend! what are you upsetting and smashing the old woman's tea-tackle for, eh?"

In suddenly jumping up, Mr. Oakley had overturned the little table upon which the tea-equipage was arranged. He hurriedly apologised for his carelessness, took up his hat and cane, threw a guinea on the table, and strode hastily out of the house, much to the astonishment of the spectators—who, however, having ascertained that the guinea was a genuine one, charitably concluded that the stranger was a *gentleman*, though apparently rather crazed in his wits.

"It's very likely," said Bob Sheldon, "that he has some concern in the barque I was mentioning. I saw Tom Hardy speak to him in the street at West Cowes last week. You know Tom Hardy, Farmer Gage?"

"Ay, lad, for one of the cleverest scamps in all creation. He's lost the situation I hear he had at Bristol, and is back again, I suppose, to live upon his poor old mother."

"I daresay. I'm thinking this gentleman was Tom's master. I'll ask the first time I see him."

"Very likely; and, as you say, concerned in the barque: if not, he must be crazed."

Crazed indeed! The words of the pilot had smitten him with frenzy, and he hurried along towards Yarmouth, his brain reeling and his blood on fire with the suddenly-awakened and maddening lust of gold—gold in glittering, enormous heaps, to be obtained at no risk—"No risk!" he

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almost shrieked, "save, save"—the pale thought *would* flit dimly, if only momently, across his throbbing brain—"save to his peace of mind, his moral life, his perilled soul!" "Cummings, Brothers," he presently muttered, regaining the hurried current of his previous thoughts: "Cummings, Brothers, the richest house in Bristol! It will scarcely ruin them; besides, they would do the same: who would not? Fair, quite fair; everything is fair, they say, in war and trade. A strange chance: she was reported lost or captured when I left Bristol, and must now be quite given up. A rare chance! A glorious, golden opportunity, which, once missed, could never be regained. It shall *not* be missed!" and he quickened his already almost running pace towards Yarmouth. He was soon there, and at once hastened to the little quay. It was solitary and silent, but for the howling wind and furious sea that beat against, around, and over it. Oakley was surprised that pilots and fisherman should all have retired so early; for, strange as it may appear, the tumult, the tempest of emotion by which he was internally tossed and shaken, had rendered him not only regardless, but unconscious of the still-increasing storm which raged without. He was reluctantly turning to depart, when a heavy, lopping step was heard, and presently a seaman, in enormous jack-boots, and carrying a lantern in his hand, was seen approaching. Oakley hurried to meet and accost him.

"Can I be put across to Lymington?" he eagerly demanded.

"Across to Lymington!" echoed the sailor. "Why,

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who that isn't running from the guager or the gallows would risk crossing on such a night as this ?"

"I," replied Oakley, "who am running from neither, would—*will*, if a seaman is to be found in Yarmouth who is not afraid of venturing a couple of miles in a capful of wind."

"A capful !" rejoined the man. "Let me look at you ?" and he suddenly held the lantern up to his questioner's features. "Ay !" he exclaimed, after a curious gaze, "I have not lived so long on the coast without having at times seen such a face as that; though never, thank God, in the shaving-glass ! You must go, I see; that's plain enough. Well, I'll take you across."

"Immediately ?"

"Of course."

"I will be here in five minutes."

"Stop, stop ! The fare: what do you think of paying for the risk of four men's lives—saying nothing of your own. It will require four hands to manage the boat in this wild sea."

"Name your own terms."

"Ten guineas: that is, ten one-pound notes and ten shillings, which, the law says, are equal to ten guineas; though they're not by a long chalk."

"Agreed: I will not keep you waiting long."

One chance of safety still remained to the self-righteous, pride-blinded Pharisee, who had glibly boasted of his power to stand, undizzied and secure, on the edge of precipices so often fatal to better men than he: his wife, the good genius

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that had so often saved him from moral wreck, he must see her before setting out on his hasty journey; and if she were to divine his errand, he might yet be saved—or baffled, as in his present mood he would have deemed it. He paused at the threshold of his lodgings, in doubt of what excuse for his precipitate departure would be least likely to awaken her solicitude—to arouse her fears. He did not remain long undecided: meanness, falsehood, duplicity, proffered their ready services; and he knocked sharply at the door. It was instantly opened, for he was waited for, and had been for some time anxiously expected. He ran briskly up stairs.

"Caroline, child, where is your mother?"

"In bed, papa; she has been poorly all the afternoon, and has just lain down."

The husband felt a strong emotion of pleasure at this announcement; not, certainly, at hearing that his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was ill—suffering, perhaps; but that, in the comparatively obscure atmosphere of her chamber, that mild but searching glance, which he had often felt penetrate to the very depths of his being, could not so well read his countenance as in the glare of the sitting-room. He immediately went to her, and after a few affectionate inquiries, said, "What letters have arrived?"

"Several," was the reply; "they are on the dressing-table."

Mr. Oakley took up one, hastily broke the seal, and with his back towards the bed, feigned to peruse it. Pre-

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sently he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and turned quickly round.

"From Danby, love, requiring my instant return. Riley of Belfast is likely to stop payment; and Danby urges that either he or I should go over by the packet, which leaves Bristol at eleven o'clock to-morrow forenoon."

"How unfortunate! Is the debt large?"

"Between six and seven hundred pounds."

"Dear me! But you cannot possibly reach home in time."

"Not unless I start at once by way of Lymington, in which case I could easily reach Salisbury in time for the mail from Southampton to Bristol."

"But it seems to be blowing a hurricane. Surely there would be danger in venturing across to Lymington on such a night?"

"Nonsense, Mary; with the wind in the present quarter, the sea between the two shores is quite smooth."

Finally, it was determined that he should set out at once; Mrs. Oakley and her daughter to follow, on the day after the morrow, at their leisure. His preparations did not occupy more than a couple of minutes, and hastily embracing his wife and child, he hurried out of the house, and soon reached the quay. The boat was ready, and he was instantly embarked. The passage was a frightful one; twice the men seemed disposed to give up the attempt, and would have done so but for the almost frenzied supplications and promises of their passenger, who appeared insensible not only to fear, but to the benumbing effects of

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the drenching rain and sea that almost drowned them where they sat. At last the boat shot into the small harbor of Lymington; the men were liberally rewarded; and a quarter of an hour afterwards, a postchaise and four started from the Angel Inn, and dashed at a rattling pace through the New Forest towards Salisbury. Mr. Oakley, occupied with eager calculations upon the extent of his probable gains, and the best, least suspicious mode of securing the prize almost within his reach, heeded not the passing of time; and at the end of about three hours' smart ride, was startled by the sudden pulling up of the chaise, and the announcement that he had reached the entrance of the city of New Sarum. He at once alighted, dismissed the carriage, and walked quietly, for he found he had a full quarter of an hour to spare, to the Red Lion at the further end of the town, craftily anxious that the guard and coachman, who knew him well, should not become aware that he had made any extraordinary effort to overtake the mail. When the coach arrived, there was fortunately one inside place vacant; he secured it, and early on the following morning safely reached Bristol.

Never had the attire of Mr. Robert Oakley appeared more elaborately neat, more scrupulously spotless, nor his air and manner more placidly courteous and obliging, than when he walked gravely forth on the forenoon of his arrival to the place where merchants most do congregate. Salutations in the market-place, congratulations upon his return to home and business, were abundant, almost overpowering.

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Mr. Robert Oakley, nevertheless, bore his honors meekly, and passed quietly on to the merchants' newsroom, where, at that time of the day, he knew he should be tolerably sure of meeting with one of the firm of Cummings, Brothers. He was not disappointed. The eldest partner was there, looking as gloomy as Mr. Oakley could wish. No tidings of the *Three Sisters* had yet, it was quite clear, reached Bristol. They exchanged a matter-of-course greeting, and Oakley passed on. About ten minutes afterwards Cummings, senior, having finished the perusal of the journals, rose to depart; and Mr. Oakley, suddenly remembering that he had an order from an Irish correspondent for some sugars, accosted him, and they proceeded together to the great firm's place of business. There the conversation, after a sufficient interval devoted to other topics, was adroitly turned by Robert Oakley upon the missing ship, and the enormous rates of insurance offered by the owners, and refused by all the underwriters. The firm of Cummings, Brothers, were often, generally indeed, except under peculiar circumstances, their own insurers—that is to say, they having an immense number of shipments, instead of certainly sacrificing the large sums they must have paid to effect so many insurances, preferred to set them apart to meet and cover any particular loss. This system they had generally found answer. They were now, however, and had been for a considerable time of course, anxious to effect an insurance on the *Three Sisters* at almost any premium. This state of affairs was thoroughly known and understood by Mr. Oakley, and the ultimate result was, after much

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fencing and coquetting on his part, that he suffered himself to be persuaded into a transaction by which, for the present payment of £10,000, he purchased the entire cargo of the missing ship, should she not have been lost or captured. A cheque for £6,000—all the present cash he had at his banker's—and a promissory-note at sixty days for the balance, were given with admirably-feigned reluctance to Cummings, Brothers. The bills of lading and other documents were handed to Mr. Robert Oakley, and the bargain was complete—Cummings, Brothers, glad to have saved so much out of what they had deemed a total loss, and Oakley secretly exultant with the rapturous conviction that the ambition of his life had by one fortunate stroke been accomplished, or, to speak more soberly, that the means were now within his grasp by which, prudently brought into play—and he resolved to be very prudent—the colossal fortune of which he had so long dreamt might be swiftly and safely built up. Happy, fortunate Robert Oakley!

"Happy, fortunate Robert Oakley!" echoed all Bristol, except, indeed, the astounded firm of Cummings, Brothers, when, on the fourth day after this transaction, the *Three Sisters* was signalled to have safely anchored in the roads! The incense which the world freely burns before whatever idol fortune chooses to set up—noisy felicitations of envious hearts, mouth-honor, breath—was lavished abundantly upon the lucky speculator, and, best of all, no one appeared in the slightest degree to suspect that an enormous fraud had been committed—a gigantic swindle—whatever the

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letter of the law might call it—been perpetrated! Fortunate Robert Oakley!

Yes; one! He could not look steadily in his wife's countenance as he communicated to her the wonderful hit he had made, but in that momentary glance he had read—instead of joy, exultation, rapture—anxious bewilderment, vague, undefined alarm. He hastily changed the subject, after confusedly endeavoring to underrate greatly the magnitude of his enormous gains. He then left the apartment, and a long time elapsed before the subject was again mentioned between them.

Vexatious that any cloud, however slight and transient, should obscure the brightness of such a joyous day! The momentary irritation was, however, soon forgotten by the merchant when seated a few minutes afterwards in his private room, every faculty absorbed in elaborate calculations of the value of the cargo of the *Three Sisters*—the cost of freight, and other important items. A respectful tap at the door disturbed him.

"What is it, Danby?" he asked in an impatient, querulous tone.

"Thomas Hardy desires to see you, sir, immediately, on, he says, important business."

"Thomas Hardy! Have I not repeatedly given orders that the fellow should not be allowed to enter my premises?"

"True, sir; but he will this time take no denial. He bade me say he has an especial message for you from a person at whose house you drank tea last Thursday evening in the Isle of Wight."

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"Isle of Wight!" stammered Oakley: the indignant expression of his countenance changed instantly to that of pale alarm. "Isle of Wight!"

"That, sir, is his message."

"Bid him—bim him come in," said Mr. Oakley as he dropped back into the chair from which he had risen to admit the clerk. "I—I will see him."

Danby, in his turn greatly surprised, withdrew, and presently returned ushering in a tall, spare, shabbily-dressed man of about thirty years of age. He was not positively ill-looking: his features, separately considered, were well enough; but there was a sinister sneer about his thin, colorless lips, a fawning malignancy playing in his deep-set eyes, that rendered his sallow visage excessively repulsive.

"You may retire, Mr. Danby," said Oakley. The clerk obeyed, and the merchant and his unwelcome visitor were alone together. The interview lasted about a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time the door opened, and both passed into the clerk's counting-house.

"Mr. Hardy will resume his situation to-morrow morning," said the merchant hurriedly. Danby, perfectly startled, looked hastily up. His employer's face he saw was deadly pale, and he appeared much agitated; he, however, repeated the order in reply to Danby's mute expression of surprise, and immediately turned back towards his private apartment, Hardy at the same moment passing out of the front door into the street.

The next morning the re-engaged clerk was early at the office—well-dressed too—and rose quickly in the apparent

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good graces of his employer, of whose rapidly-extending business, and always more or less successful speculations, he very speedily became the chief and only confidential agent and adviser. All appeared to be sunshine and prosperity with the lucky merchant; and, as if to stamp the sudden fortunes of the Oakley family with unquestionable solidity and permanence, a distant relative, who had scarcely noticed him when a comparatively obscure person, now that he, according to the world's report, bade fair to become one of the millionaires of the country, bequeathed him, by a will dated but a few days before death, the sum £30,000, in trust for his daughter Caroline, into whose absolute possession it was to pass, with accumulated interest, on the day she attained her majority. Never was there, everybody said, a more fortunate man. A seat in parliament—a baronetcy—higher splendors even than that, but not to be named till clutched—already glittered in the distance.

One, as yet distant, prophetic death-note alone mingled and jarred with these gay joy-bells. The sympathising partner of his earlier and better life—his gentle, true-hearted wife always—was visibly descending with swift steps towards the tomb. She had been long in delicate health; but from about the period of her husband's sudden accession of wealth it had rapidly given way; and now, when it was already March, he was told by the physician, in the quaint phrase of the country, "that his wife would never get up May-Hill." He was deeply shocked, and yet—so strangely was he already changed—the announce-

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ment was not wholly painful. She had never felt, never expressed any, the slightest satisfaction at the brilliant turn his fortunes had taken; and, worse still, had constantly refused, anxious as he had been to surround her with luxuries of all kinds, to sanction the slightest addition to their modest establishment—was, in fact, far more rigidly economical than before; appearing to shrink from any contact with his new wealth as from pollution—while he dared not press her closely for her reasons. One only of the late events seemed to have afforded her pleasure, and that was the legacy to her daughter Caroline. For that bequest, though certainly the very reverse of mercenary, she had expressed unbounded thankfulness. Would not, then, her removal be a relief—almost, he felt, though he hardly dared whisper it to his own heart, a blessing?

Whatever it might prove, it was not long delayed. Each succeeding day found her paler, thinner, weaker: the frail covering of mortality seemed to fall visibly off, and reveal in hourly-increasing excellence and beauty the stainless and gentle spirit panting to be freed from its decaying prison-house. The patiently-awaited and all undreaded hour, the calm evening, illumined and made glorious by the radiant purity of her well-spent day of life, at length arrived. The last and unmistakable summons was a sudden one, and to all but herself startling and unexpected. Her husband was out. A messenger was despatched for him; and as he entered the apartment, the weeping daughter, who, in kneeling reverence, had been listening to

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her parting injunctions, rose at a sign from her dying parent, and left the room.

"Robert," she said, softly addressing her husband, who displayed, and doubtless for the moment felt, much vehemence of grief; and her mild but solemn eyes rested with inexpressible tenderness and sorrow upon the chosen of her youth, the father of her child—"Robert, forbear this bootless grief, and listen as patiently as you can to the last few words I shall ever upon earth. I dare not hope they may be immediately successful in inducing you to retrace the sinful and ultimately—be assured—fatal path on which you have so blindly, so recklessly entered; but the day, I trust, will come when they may bear fruit. It matters not to relate *how* I have become acquainted with the mode whereby you acquired your ill-gotten wealth—nay, I beseech you, Robert, interrupt me not; I speak not in anger, but in love. Reproaches cannot, I know, cause one of the bitter hours of the past to be rendered back to you—what is done is done—and too often, I know, the lost and vain regrets that gather behind man in his ephemeral road serve only to throw a dreary light over the past, and afford no help or guidance for the future, for the unborn day which, oh my husband, God *owes* not to you, but which He will, I trust, in mercy grant, to enable you to put away the accursed thing—to restore"——

"You mistake, Mary!" groaned Oakley, without uplifting his face from the pillow on which it was bowed and concealed—"you mistake, Mary; I have done no wrong—none."

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"Do not attempt to deceive me; do not, I implore you, Robert, strive to deceive yourself by such poor sophistry as may be pleaded in defence of such a crime." She paused, fainting, and apparently exhausted, but presently resumed. "Caroline—whose betrothment to her cousin, as we call him, to Harry Neville, has, you will remember, my especial sanction—Caroline has promised that the legacy bequeathed to her shall be devoted to the wiping away of this offence, so that happily the curse remain not on you—on her. She will, I know, keep her word."

"What madness is this?" exclaimed Oakley, starting to his feet. "You must be"—— He paused, rebuked into silence by the solemn, almost stern glance of the dying woman, over whose countenance a startling change at the instant passed.

"And do you not know, Robert—have you not perceived," she said in a faint, tremulous, but deep whisper—"are you now for the first time conscious *that it has killed me?*"

A lamentable cry burst from the heart-stricken man: he clasped his expiring wife passionately in his arms: a promise to comply with her wishes at any sacrifice was on his tongue—would have been uttered, but at the instant the death-sob struggled in her throat, the last gleam of light vanished from her eyes, a faint sigh stirred her pale lips—he knew that she was gone, and the rash vow remained unspoken!

As he left the apartment he met his daughter, embraced her, looked inquiringly in her face, and in that fair tablet

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read pity, regret, compassion, it may be love for him, vividly traced as before; but esteem, reverence, filial awe, he saw, had vanished for ever. She, too, then knew all! Well, it must be borne.

These sad impressions were soon effaced from the elastic mind of the busy merchant and money-dealer, or at most served but to hasten his contemplated departure to the wider and more lucrative field of London, where familiar objects, inseparably associated with the past, would no longer incessantly call up memories which he felt were best forgotten. Thomas Hardy, too, whose wishes went for much, was anxious to exchange Bristol for the metropolis; and the result was the transfer of the establishment to the city of London, where Mr. Robert Oakley, counselled, stimulated by his constant shadow, Hardy, plunged eagerly into the distracting whirlpool of the Stock-Exchange, rode in apparent triumph amidst its capricious currents and swift eddies, and gathered, it was said, fresh wealth from every ebb and flow of the turbid and dangerous tide.

One afternoon about six months after his removal to London, his old acquaintance, Sir Martin Biddulph, called on him. The greeting of the baronet was jovial and hearty as himself; the response of the money-broker cautious and reserved, as became a rich and prudent man in the presence of a possible borrower.

"Well, Master Oakley, the world goes swimmingly with you, it appears. You are likely, I am told, to die worth a million?"

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Robert Oakley only replied to this equivocal felicitation by a cold, fidgetty smile and shrug; and his visitor proceeded.

"But, zounds man! what a deucedly harrassing life this money-making must be! Why, you are as thin as a weasel, and look as withered as a last year's apple! There seems scarcely any of you left! You and I must be about the same age—and only just look at me!" The comparison, certainly a striking one, provoked the unbounded mirth of the fox-hunter, but failed to excite any corresponding emotion on the part of his auditor. On the contrary, he seemed considerably annoyed.

"Now, Master Oakley," said the baronet as soon as he had wiped his eyes, overflowing with exuberant mirth, and composed himself to seriousness—"now, Master Oakley, to business: I want your assistance with respect to some money matters."

"I am sorry to say," observed Oakley with cold civility, "that just now"——

"Cash is scarce—not to be had in fact," interrupted Sir Martin with a renewed guffaw. "Of course it is. I never, for my part, knew it to be otherwise. But my business with you, man alive, is to invest—not borrow!"

"To invest!"

"Positively. As soon as you have recovered breath, listen. Are you ready? Good! Well, then, you know as well as I do, you old usurer—you were a young one, though, when I first knew you—you know that I went the pace for years charmingly; was in fact galloping to the

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devil as fast as a splendid stud of first-rate racers could carry me; but it appears you do not know that I have pulled up in time, and that a venerable aunt of mine—excellent old soul!—altered her will a few hours before her death; and instead of bequeathing her large wealth to half-a-dozen hospitals, bestowed it all on my unworthy self, placing me once more all right with the world, with a spendid balance over. Having had a nearer view than was pleasant of ultimate insolvency and ruin, I determined thenceforth to *keep* myself all right."

"A wise resolve."

"Unquestionably. But as I have no very great confidence in good intentions when pitted against bad habits, I mean to take myself for a year or two out of the way of temptation. Aunt Martha's Jamaica property has been wretchedly mismanaged, so I intend rusticating amongst the sugar-canes, and thus kill two birds with one barrel."

"I shall be happy to render you my best assistance in any way you can point out," said Oakley with much deference.

"Well, I know you, Oakley, to be a close, and I believe you to be a *safe* man, and that is a great deal to say in these 'suspension-of-cash-payment' times. I wish you first to invest some twenty thousand pounds I have to spare just now in the most profitable securities you know of, and to do the same with such other sums as I may from time to time remit."

Mr. Oakley bowed grateful acquiescence: he would

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promote Sir Martin's interest to the best of his humble ability.

"I shall shut up Oatlands, and have the principal plate and some boxes of family papers—my will amongst them, by the by—brought here for security, if you have no objection."

Mr. Oakley could have no possible objection to such an arrangement: none in the world.

"My nephew, Francis Severn—you have seen him, I think? I called with him on you a few years since in Wine Street."

"It was his cousin, was it not?—James Conway—an older person I have understood?"

"Ah, yes; very likely. A sweet youth that, but I hope he will some day mend his manners."

"Wild, I suppose?"

"Yes; besides being ambitious as Lucifer, and as careless too in my belief about the means of advancement. I shall provide sufficiently for him. But as I was about to remark, Frank, who will be my heir—that is, if he does not mortally offend me, which is not very likely; indeed I doubt that he could do so if he tried for very long together—Frank, I say, being about, since the continent is shut, to make a tour of the United Kingdom, there will be nobody to keep house at Oatlands till I return, so that I am in some sort *obliged* to shut it partially up. And now as to the nature of the securities you would recommend?"

A long business conversation, unnecessary to relate, ensued, at the close of which the baronet, perfectly satisfied

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with the arrangements suggested by Mr. Oakley, rose to depart.

"By the by, Oakley, I told you—did I not, long ago?—that your brother holds a farm of mine not far from Oatlands?"

"Not that I remember, Sir Martin; but I know it nevertheless: the families correspond."

"Well, he's a fine gentlemanly fellow let me tell you, and his daughter Alice is a very charming person; very much so indeed. You have seen her, I suppose?"

"No, I have not: my daughter Caroline did a month or two ago."

"Your brother is prospering. I became acquainted with him in consequence of his calling in Berkeley Square many years since with a bill you had cashed for me. You remember, I suppose? Good-day."

"Bad news that for Mr. James Conway," said Thomas Hardy, drawing aside a green calico curtain which had concealed his desk and himself from the view of the baronet.

"You know him, then?" said Oakley.

"Yes; I see him most evenings. We sold stock to the amount of about a thousand pounds for him about four months ago."

"I remember the circumstance, now you mention it."

Hardy re-drew the concealing curtain, and Mr. Oakley resumed his interesting studies on the rise and fall of stocks and consols.

The opinion pronounced by Sir Martin Biddulph upon

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the character and position of Mr. Richard Oakley was in no respect an exaggerated one. The teachings of adversity, instead of being thrown away upon him, as they are upon so many thousands of the world, had proved most salutary, both to him and his somewhat volatile, but high-spirited, warm-hearted wife. It had taught them the difference between shadow and substance. They had looked upon the *reverse* side of the glittering shows of pretentious society, and noted not alone the coarse material of which it is essentially composed, but the ignoble motives, shifts, and expedients by which the brilliant figures are animated and held together; and they determined that their future life should, however humble, be a reality, not a seeming—a positive condition of being, depending for estimation and respectability upon its true nature and quality, neither distorted nor set off by the false lights of vain and ambitious pretence: precepts of wisdom hard to learn, still harder to practise, but of infinite concernment to all who would pass through life unexposed to the contempts, the heartburnings, the painful vicissitudes, which are sure to environ and accompany a false position. Richard Oakley had passed several of the best years of his youth on a farm, and he had a turn, as it is called, for agricultural pursuits. Sir Martin Biddulph happened to have a farm—a small one, of about a hundred acres only—of first-rate land, and he became his tenant. Industry, perseverance, and a wise economy, succeeded with him, as they usually do with everybody; and Mr. Richard Oakley was now in very easy, pleasant circumstances, surrounded by all the material comforts, and

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of most of the modest luxuries of life, in a home illumined by the smiles of the cheerfullest of wives, and crowned with a triple halo of gentleness, grace and beauty, in the person of their daughter Alice. His wife's son, Harry Neville, had chosen a sea-life; and, thanks to Sir Martin Biddulph's interest, had obtained an excellent footing in the maritime service of the East India Company. Richard Oakley knew of the great prosperity of his proud, cold-hearted brother, for both he and his wife corresponded with Mrs. Robert Oakley till within a few days of her decease; and they knew also by the tone of her letters that abundant riches had not added to *her* happiness. More they were not informed of, nor had a right to inquire. Thus with them gently swept along the stream of life—calm, tranquil, and lit up by bright visions of the brilliant destiny awaiting their elegant and beautiful child, as pictured by parental admiration upon the dream-land of the future. Ambitious promptings! but not, so rumor hinted, wholly without color of excuse; for it was said Sir Martin Biddulph had been influenced by other than the ostensible motives he had assigned in breaking up his establishment at Oatlands, and the peremptory condemnation of his favorite nephew and heir to an exploring expedition through the fastnesses and wilds of Great Britain and Ireland.

However this may be, Sir Martin, albeit a little flustered by the startling manner in which Mr. Twynham, the family surgeon and apothecary—for, like most country practitioners, he prepared the medicaments he prescribed—spoke of the climate of Jamaica, and its generally fatal

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effect upon gentlemen of full habit of body, he persisted in his resolution of ascertaining the condition of his West India property with his own eyes. Mr. Twynham, a man of education and considerable ability in his profession, whom an early, imprudent marriage, with its usual accompaniments of numerous children in bibs and pinafores, imperatively forbade to venture on a higher and more speculative range of practice than the neighborhood of Oatlands afforded, was of course anxious not to lose so important a client as the baronet; and this, Sir Martin comforted himself with reflecting, gave a twist to his opinions upon yellow fever, that deprived them of much of the consideration they would otherwise have been entitled to.

Two years passed away—years of war, of apparently interminable strife and bloodshed, and, as regarded Great Britain, of alternate exultation and dismay; while the nations of the continent, stunned and writhing beneath the drums, tramplings, victories of the great conqueror of the age, as yet saw no hand sufficiently powerful stretched forth to rescue them from the iron bondage by which they were enthralled: years, necessarily—as indeed the wrinkled brow, restless eye, and thin gray locks of Robert Oakley amply testified—of fearful agitation, or rather convulsion on the British Stock Exchange; hot, stifling years, which appeared to have withered up all of healthful life which God had breathed into his nostrils. Still, the infatuated man, though surrounded by the ruins which cumbered that

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burning, heaving soil, toiled on as eagerly as ever at his house of sand—hoping, insensate dreamer! that the unrespecting hurricane would, whoever else suffered wreck, spare him

Sir Martin Biddulph found that the profitable duty he had undertaken required, for its thorough and lasting completion, a much longer sojourn in Jamaica than he had anticipated; and although his last letters intimated fears that his health was beginning to give way beneath the deleterious effects of the climate, no definite time as yet seemed fixed upon for his return. His nephew and presumptive heir, Mr. Francis Severn, had, however, contrived to finish *his* appointed task in considerably less time than his uncle had calculated or imagined, and was now returned from his enforced pilgrimage to Oatlands; wonderfully improved, in the opinion of the country-side, not in health only, but in manly comeliness of personal appearance. His old taste for field-sports had, it seemed, been rather sharpened than dulled by his long absence from his uncle's well-stocked covers; for he was up and off with his dogs and gun long before daybreak on the morning after his arrival; or was it, perchance, the sylvan splendor of the scene which awaited him as he merged from Hopeburn Coppice that had attracted his steps so early abroad? Possibly; for rarely, indeed, is the sombre veil of night uplifted from a view more enchanting in its varied beauty than that which the calm new-risen sun was, as he gazed, tinging with golden light. The solitary house on the brow of the hill, which, beneath the spiritual radiance of the

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stars, appeared an indistinct mass of pale light and chequered shade, became rapidly defined in outline and in color: valley, hedgerow, hillside, sent up their winged choristers to heaven; peasants issued from the nestling cottages, of which the smoke was seen curling above the surrounding belt of forest-trees; girls, whose fresh cheeks the accustomed morning sun kissed with rude health, drove forth kine to pastures sparkling with dew; and life awoke in valley, hill, and river!

"I doubt," said an active, middle-aged person, who had approached Mr. Severn unperceived—"I doubt, sir, that you have seen anything more truly beautiful in all your two years' wanderings?"

"*More* beautiful!" exclaimed the young man mechanically, or rather impulsively—"*more* beautiful"—— He checked himself, and wresting his gaze from the house on the hill, turned half round, and said, coloring slightly as he spoke, "You are early abroad this morning, Mr. Twynham."

"It is many years, Mr. Severn, since I had the choice of my own time of rising: I have been out these two hours, and am now returning home. I was remarking on the singular beauty of the landscape."

"True—true; very charming indeed: trees, cows, milkmaids, and so forth. Pray, Mr. Twynham," he added hesitatingly, and with a heightened color, "have you seen our friends of Beech Lodge lately?"

"Which of them?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Oakley of course; and—and"——

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"Harry Neville? He is second officer on board the *Calcutta*, and will not be home for some months."

"Truly, but"——

"Or is it, perchance, Deborah the housemaid you are anxious about? because"——

"Pooh! You are in one of your satirical moods this morning, Mr. Twynham; and as I am not in the vein for banter, I must bid you good-by."

"I was never more disposed to be serious—sad, I was about to say, my young friend," said Mr. Twynham, laying his hand upon Mr. Severn's shoulder, and gently detaining him; "for I have been watching with painful interest the absorbed, abstracted gaze you have for some time directed towards Beech Lodge. Absence has not, I fear, sufficed to check, much less subdue, your passion for the beautiful Alice?"

"You fear! You, who know Miss Oakley, *fear* that I have not grown indifferent—cold!"——

"You must permit me to speak on this subject with my old freedom, Mr. Severn," replied the surgeon. "It is a singular, and it may be a fortunate chance (since you, I know, believe that Sir Martin's objections are not insuperable, and so do I) for this young girl—beautiful, amiable, well-educated, as everybody must admit her to be—to have so deeply charmed the heir to so many fertile acres."

"Nothing, one would suppose, should appear more natural," replied Mr. Severn; "unless, indeed, you hold heirship to fertile acres to be necessarily incompatible with correct taste and perfect eyesight."

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"And yet I know not," continued Mr. Twynham in a musing tone: "this fortune, gold, power, the idol—by whatever name it may be called—before which the great, as well as little world, bows down so abjectly, is too frequently, I fear, a false-promising god. These unequal marriages, especially," he added with graver emphasis, "seldom bring lasting happiness to either party. A brief season of bewildering enthusiasm; and then the divine statue which, in the warm light and dawn of love, gave forth entrancing melody, remaining dumb, or yielding but harsh dissonance when swept over by the cold breath of chilled and sated passion, the disenchanted Memnon-idol is too late discovered to be mere ordinary potter's clay, and utterly unworthy the sacrifice made for its possession."

"Upon my word, Mr. Twynham," rejoined Mr. Severn with some heat, "you are extremely classical and eloquent to-day; but as I am in too cheerful a mood this glorious morning to listen to grave homilies, however prettily composed, perhaps you will have the goodness to reserve the remainder of your discourse for a sadder and more appropriate hour. *En attendant*, I have the pleasure of wishing you a very good-day."

He hastened off at a pace which speedily brought him within a few yards of the residence of the Oakleys, where he paused, disappointed and out of breath. Half-way up the hill he had doffed his hat, in delighted recognition of the beautiful Alice, whose silken tresses, waving with golden light, gleamed, unless his eyes deceived him, from amidst the green foliage which enframed the windows of the sitting-

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room. His eyes *had* deceived him; the golden tresses were but sun-rays reflected from the polished glass and glittering leaves. Alice must be aware, he thought, of his return, and might have known he would be early past her dwelling. Was it forgetfulness, caprice, change, that withheld her from appearing? He walked many times round the house, and at length, his patience thoroughly exhausted, and, moreover, considerably ruffled in temper, whistled his dogs together, and was turning to depart, when his quick ear caught the lifting of a sash, and a low, sweet voice exclaimed in the prettiest accent of surprise imaginable, "So early abroad, Mr. Severn!" He was in an instant beneath the casement; but the lady being summoned from within, the coloquy was necessarily a brief one; yet eloquent withal, if one might judge by the bright blush which lit up the fair girl's charming countenance, and which was *not* caused by the bouquet of fresh roses held fan-wise in her hand; for it retained its crimson radiance long after the flowers—too loosely held, it seemed—had fallen from her hand, and been caught and placed with graceful gallantry in Mr. Severn's bosom. He slowly withdrew, and lingeringly pursued his path in search of sport, or what at least should have been sport; but which this morning, at all events, seemed to prove anything but pleasant pastime. He missed every shot, to the great surprise and scandal of his dogs, which made no allowance for the disturbing influences of a heightened pulse and preoccupied brain. So unsuccessful, and so uninteresting was the pursuit, that Mr. Severn had just decided on returning

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to Oatlands, calling in of course at Beech Lodge as he passed—perhaps breakfasting there, as he used formerly sometimes to do—when his sportsman propensities were stimulated into momentary activity by the sight of a splendid covey flying past, far out of reach of shot, and settling down in an adjoining field. Hastily, carelessly, he broke through the intervening hedge, dragging his gun by the end of the barrel after him, when some obstruction, a twig probably, caught one of the triggers, and the charge of a barrel was lodged in his shoulder, inflicting a frightful wound. He was conveyed to Oatlands by some laborers who had witnessed the accident; and fever supervening after the operation of extracting the shot, he lay for many days in great danger, though unconscious of it, as well as of that which, known, would have done much to assuage the pain and grief of the wound—so inconsistent is the selfishness of love—the distraction and agony of mind evinced by Alice Oakley when she heard of the, to her represented, *fatal* accident that had befallen him; revealing a state of mind which maidenly reserve had hitherto concealed, or at least left him in some doubt of. It was, however, reported to him, though imperfectly, on his partial recovery; and had the effect of bringing about an immediate *éclaircissement* with Alice and her parents; the issue of which was, that Mr. Severn was accepted as the future husband of Alice, subject to the approval of Sir Martin Biddulph; to whom his nephew immediately wrote, depicting in glowing colors the fervor and invincibility of his passion, and the innumerable perfections of the object

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of it; and imploring the baronet's consent to a union on which, the young gentleman declared, not only his peace, but his very life depended. This done, the lovers awaited in apprehensive hope, and with the best patience they could exercise, a reply involving, according to their opinion and feelings, such tremendous issues.

With the same mail went out a letter to the baronet from Mr. Twynham, the surgeon. This gentleman, either really apprehensive of a fatal result in Mr. Severn's weak state, should an adverse reply be returned, or, which seems most likely, influenced by a desire to serve his old friends the Oakleys, quite as much as by regard for the heir of Oatlands, impressed upon Sir Martin the necessity of according a favorable response to his nephew's prayer; otherwise, Mr. Twynham seriously declared, he anticipated the worst results. The anxiety felt by Mr. Severn certainly materially retarded his recovery, for the four months which intervened between the despatch of his letter and the baronet's reply had failed of restoring him to his former health and vigor. "Hey-day!" exclaimed Mr. Twynham as he called at Oatlands one afternoon on his customary visit, and found Mr. Severn earnestly engaged in the perusal of freshly-arrived letters and papers—"Hey-day, Mr. Severn—the medicines that have lighted up those but yesterday pale cheeks and doubting eyes with health and hope, never came from my laboratory, I'll be sworn. You have news, I am sure, from Sir Martin?"

"My dear Twynham," exclaimed Mr. Severn, gaily jumping up from his chair, and heartily shaking the sur-

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geon's hand, "you are the best fellow in the world. Here is a letter from my dear excellent uncle, fully consenting to my union with Alice, chiefly moved thereto, he says with his usual amiable jocularity, by the same motive that induced Beatrice to wed Benedict—'upon great compulsion, and partly to save my life, as he had heard—and from better authority than my own—that I was likely to die of a consumption.'" The congratulatory mirth of the two gentlemen upon the success of their conspiracy was unbounded, especially as Sir Martin gave *carte blanche* as to the *time* the nuptials must take place, hinting that he should not be displeased if an early mail brought him news of the marriage. Somewhat private and unostentatious it should be, Sir Martin added, as the festivities could be adjourned till his arrival, which he hoped would not be long delayed.

"One would not needlessly sadden the joy of the young people by the expression of sinister forebodings!" mentally exclaimed the surgeon as he left Oatlands on his return home; "but I am greatly mistaken if the kind, generous-hearted baronet does not feel a strong misgiving that his days are numbered, and is therefore anxious that the wedding should take place before intelligence of his death arrived to forbid its celebration for a long time to come. A better, more gentler-minded man than Sir Martin never, I think, breathed."

Bowed, haggard, panic-stricken, utterly unable longer to conceal—practised as he had become in dissimulation—the

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frightful emotion which convulsed him, Mr. Robert Oakley hastened about noon, on a bright day of sunshine in the ensuing spring, from the distracting Babel of the Stock Exchange to the silence and concealment of his counting-house. "Ruin—ruin!" he frantically muttered as he strode wildly up and down the room; "blank, utter, irretrieveable ruin! Fortune, character—all—all gone! Fool—idiot that I have been, to spend my strength for that which is not bread! to have schemed, toiled, fretted an anxious life away only to reap in premature old age dust and bitter ashes—scorn, contempt, contumely, destitution. Well!" he almost screamed, pausing in his disordered walk as the door opened and admitted the person of Thomas Hardy, whose bloated countenance wore a half-dismayed, half-insolent look—"well! Is there any hope that this dreadful panic will abate? Speak, will you? What do men say now?"

"That consols will be at least two per cent. lower by settling-day, from which only forty-eight hours now divide us. You and I know what that means in the present very delightful state of the affairs of this house."

"It means destruction—ruin—shame! My daughter's fortune, besides large sums belonging to Sir Martin Biddulph, all gone—lost—swallowed up in the infernal vortex! Devil!" he shouted, turning with sudden fierceness upon his associate—"devil! to what an accursed pass have your plans and machinations brought me!"

"*My* plans and machinations!" replied Hardy with brutal, defying insolence. "Did you suppose for a moment

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that *all* speculations would prove as *certainly* profitable as that of the *Three Sisters ?*"

"Taunting villain !" exclaimed Oakley, literally foaming with impotent rage, "is this a time to insult—to trample on me ?"

"Well, perhaps not. But come, old fellow, it's of no use snivelling. Something must be *done*, and quickly too, or the ship will be on the breakers ; and as I'm a passenger, I'd rather not."

"What can be done that has not already been attempted ? What expedient, what device, can you suggest that has not been tried and failed—miserably failed ?"

"Much can still be done, I tell you, if you are the same man you were on the day you met the pilot in the Isle of Wight."

"Would I were—would I were! It was then I lost myself: then began the swift descent at the end of which lies ruin. But regrets will not recall the past: as she said, those fatal hours cannot be rendered back to us."

"True enough—but the present at least is our own ; and on it, if you have not become a mere drivelling dotard, a splendid future may be built up, for all that's come and gone yet ; and luckily here comes a gentleman very heartily disposed, or I am much mistaken, to aid in the good work."

As he spoke, Mr. James Conway entered ; and Hardy, who had evidently expected him, instantly rose, and locked the door of the counting-house.

The new-comer was scarcely more than thirty years of age, but long, habitual indulgence in evil courses had

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already dried up the fresh springs of life, and smitten his still youthful frame with incipient weakness and decay. A mournful wreck he seemed, with just sufficient traces left of what he had been to enable men to measure the depth and extent of his fall and degradation. He appeared to be greatly excited, and both voice and manner indicated extreme and painful emotion.

"Well, Hardy," he said, as soon as he had taken a seat, "have you spoken to Mr. Oakley of our proposition?"

"No. I thought it would come with more effect from you."

"What have you to say, young man?" demanded Oakley. "What is your business here?"

"To serve you, because only by doing so I can effectually serve myself. You perceive I am candor itself."

"It appears so. Go on."

"You will not be surprised to hear that through my intimacy with Hardy I am thoroughly acquainted with the present disastrous state of your affairs—that I know you are, in fact, on the brink of utter ruin."

"Plunged in—overwhelmed, no hope, no friendly plank to grasp at!" moaned his unfortunate auditor, wringing his withered hands; "blank, total, irredeemable ruin!"

"That your daughter Caroline's fortune," continued Conway, as if exulting in the anguish of the wound which he was probing to the quick, "has been spent without her knowledge; and that, should the present downward tendency of the funds continue till settling-day, now only forty-eight hours distant, the differences on your enormous time-

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bargains will sweep away every shilling you possess, leaving you a defaulter to Sir Martin Biddulph to the tune of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds—a clear breach of trust, to say nothing of other but less pressing obligations."

"True—true! Would I were in my grave!"

"So would not I, at least for the present; but now to real business. I can save you!"

"You?"

"I. In the first place, I have to inform you that my uncle, Sir Martin Biddulph, is dead. The news has just arrived."

"Dead! Are you positive?"

"Quite. The fever carried him off at Port Royal a few days before his intended embarkation; and, moreover, my amiable cousin, his heir, according to the will left in your custody, has arrived in Berkeley Square with his recently-wedded bride."

"You astound me. I had not heard that he was about to marry. Who is the lady?"

"I do not know: a mere nobody, I believe, but a very charming person notwithstanding. I had heard nothing about the marriage which he intimated, but I doubt whether it had my uncle's full approbation—till this morning, when he sent for me to acquaint me with Sir Martin's decease. The lucky heir is a sharp hand you will find. I happened to mention that I was coming here, and he bade me say that he should call upon you to-morrow—of course to arrange and settle his 'little account.'"

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"It needed but this!" groaned Oakley, pallid with fear, and shaking with uncontrollable terror—"it needed but this!"

"Now to the point: I am, as you must be aware, according to the English law of succession, Sir Martin's heir; but my rightful claim is barred, superseded, by the will in your possession"——

"Ha!"

"Hardy and I have talked this matter quietly over; and here, in a word, are my terms. They are, I think, liberal, considering that the transaction involves, as you will see, no possible risk. Burn that will in my presence, and I not only forgive the debt to the estate, but will assure you a sum sufficient to enable you to surmount all your difficulties!"

Oakley started to his feet, as if bitten by a serpent, and glared with breathless excitement at the tempter. "How—how," he at length gasped—"how dare you propose robbery—felony—to—to me?"——

"Stuff, man! Is it a greater robbery to restore his inheritance to a rightful heir, than to make such charming bargains as gentlemen who stand much better upon 'Change than you will do in a day or two, frequently effect by the aid of carrier-pigeons and other ingenious devices?—more of a felony than that of the *Three Sisters?* Come, come; this is indeed the devil turned precisian!"

Robert Oakley sat down without speaking, and leaning his face, covered with his hands, on a desk, effectually concealed the workings of his countenance.

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"Miss Caroline Oakley's future husband," continued Conway; "Mr. Neville—some sort of relative of yours, is he not?"

"Yes," said Hardy, answering for his principal; "a kind of nephew-in-law."

"Well, he has arrived in England: I met him in Berkeley Square. It is probable his ship touched at Jamaica, and that he brought some intelligence concerning Sir Martin. I overheard him say, in reply to an invitation to dinner, that he was going to Hampstead this evening. He, too, as your daughter is just of age, will doubtless be for contracting marriage at once, and will thus acquire a right to put awkward questions concerning a certain vanished legacy. Really you will have your hands full unless you at once close with me."

"The will," said Oakley, partially looking up, and speaking in a low, shaking voice—"the will is at Hampstead with my private papers. I took it there to—to look at it."

"Ha! then this charming scheme of mine, or one something like it, is not altogether unfamiliar to that plotting brain?"

"No—no; you mistake: curiosity merely—nothing else. You had better be there—you and Hardy—about eight o'clock. Neville will be gone; or if not, it will be of no great consequence."

"Bravo!—this is something like! We will be punctual, depend upon it. Come, Hardy, a bottle or two of wine to the success of the rightful heir will not be amiss just now.

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Good-day, Mr. Oakley. 'Facilis descensus Averni,'" he muttered with a triumphant sneer as he gained the street; "or, as our fighting neighbors better express it, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.' I thought his facile virtue would not prove obstinately squeamish."

The excitement produced by the day's events, and especially by the foregoing conversation, and the villanous conclusion to which it pointed, had such an effect on the appearance of Mr. Oakley, that on his arrival at his suburban domicile at Hampstead, his daughter, who seemed unusually light of heart, apprehended that he was seriously ill, and suggested that medical advice should be immediately summoned.

"No, Cary, no: a little excited by the panic in the money-market, which will not, however, much affect me; so you need not look so alarmed—that's all. I shall soon be better. Neville, I hear, has arrived. Have you seen him."

"No, papa; but I have just received a note from him stating that he will be detained in London rather late, and will not, consequently, be here quite so early as he expected. He adds," continued the graceful and amiable girl with a brilliant blush, "that he has not only an important favor to ask, but great and pleasing news to communicate."

The father sighed; and observing that he had dined in the city, ordered wine and some dessert to be taken into his private room, and a fire to be lighted. He soon afterwards retired there.

At the hour appointed, Mr. James Conway, accompanied

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by Hardy, arrived. They found Mr. Oakley literally surrounded by papers, which he appeared to have commenced sorting. Conway glanced sharply round, but no parchment or paper resembling a will met his view.

Mr. Oakley, as it was growing dark, ordered candles to be brought in; and this done, and his visitors helped to a glass of wine, of which it was quite evident he had himself been drinking freely, for the purpose, doubtless, of sustaining his fainting courage, conversation in a subdued tone forthwith commenced.

"I find," said Oakley, "that the exact sum in which I am indebted to Sir Martin Biddulph's estate is twenty-four thousand seven hundred pounds. Should a further decline of but one per cent. take place in consols before settling-day, and you know it is anticipated that the fall will be even greater than that, the differences I shall be called upon to pay will amount to about the same sum, a little more perhaps. These immediately pressing demands provided for, I may, I think, recover."

"A thumping sum, upon my word!" observed Conway.

"A mere trifle when weighed against estates said to be worth upwards of fifteen thousand a year, besides immense personals in family plate, furniture, jewels, and funded cash."

"Well, well; I am not disposed to be churlish. Anything else?"

"There is Caroline's fortune, which I shall require some assistance to repay: the understanding of course is, that you are to help me completely through my difficulties:

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partial, insufficient help would merely defer the evil day."

"I promised to do so certainly; though the price to be paid for such an easy, safe piece of service appears an enormous one. However, my word is my bond; and now, where is the will?"

"Here," replied Oakley, taking it out of the table-drawer nearest him. Conway's eyes flashed triumphantly, and he made a motion as if to snatch the precious document out of Oakley's trembling hands.

"Stay—stay!" cried the stockbroker, starting back: "I must have security first that you will perform your engagement."

"Security!" echoed Conway, gazing with bewildered surprise first at Oakley and then at Hardy. "What does he mean?"

"That you must put our agreement in writing," said Oakley with a cunning maudlin leer.

"Oh, is that all? Hand me a pen, and I will do it instantly."

He scribbled out an undertaking to the effect agreed upon, and handed it to Oakley.

"That will do then?"

"Yes; and yet I am still really trusting to your honor: this agreement could not be legally enforced, could not even be produced."

"Perhaps not: still, it would give you the means of exposing me, and you do not suppose I should be idiot enough to provoke you to do that?"

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"True, you would not certainly. Here it is then."

Conway seized the will with eager triumph, glanced rapidly over it, to make sure that he was not duped, thrust it with furious glee into the fire, and pressed his boot upon it, as if crushing some living, detested enemy, till it was thoroughly consumed. "Hurra!" he shouted, carried away by excitement. "Now, Cousin Francis, I have you on the hip!"

"Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake, or the servants will hear you," exclaimed Oakley, who had looked on at the consummation of the crime in pallid terror.

After arranging with Oakley for the next day's course of action, Conway and his associate took their leave, and the trembling conspirator was alone with his pale fears. He gazed, after a while, with a kind of simpering satisfaction at the document Conway had drawn up and signed, and was folding it up, when the voice of an itinerant vender of news loudly announcing a second edition of the "Courier" "with full and authentic particulars of a great victory obtained by the most noble the Marquis of Wellington over the French armies in Spain," struck his ear. He sprang up in wild surprise to purchase the journal containing intelligence so certain to send up the funds, the only effect in regard to which the national triumphs had for years appeared joyful or glorious to him; and in so doing, he heedlessly overturned one of the candles amongst his papers, and, without noticing what he had done, rushed out of the apartment, closing the door behind him. He speedily procured the newspaper, and turned to regain his

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room, when the fresh air taking effect upon the large and altogether unusual quantity of wine he had taken, caused him to turn giddy, sick, and he would have fallen had he not leaned against the wall of the passage for support. Partially recovering for a moment, and conscious that bed, under such circumstances, was the best place for him, he groped his way up stairs, reached his chamber, and the instant he entered it, fell prostrate on the floor in a state of insensibility.

About a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Caroline Oakley, who was sitting alone in the little front drawing-room, awaiting with some impatience the delayed arrival of her affianced husband, was suddenly startled by a cry of "fire! fire!" from the servants below, who, the kitchen being at the back of the house, had not, it afterwards appeared, become aware of the conflagration till all chance of arresting its progress was out of the question. "Fire! fire!" Miss Oakley sprang up, ran to the door, and to her infinite terror found that the lower rooms were in a blaze of flame, which already threw its forky tongues across the staircase leading to the landing where she stood. The papers strewed on the table and about the floor of Mr. Oakley's private room had been ignited by the candle he had heedlessly overturned, and as the apartment was full of other easily-combustible material, and the oak panelling which separated it from the passage was as dry as tinder, the fire had spread with almost inconceivable rapidity. Miss Oakley had on a light muslin frock, and to attempt to pass, or even approach the flames in such a dress, would

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be, she felt, instant destruction. She hastened in wild terror up stairs to her bedroom, and with fingers that almost refused their office, attempted to substitute a thick cloth pelisse for the light clothing she unfortunately had on. Time seemed to fly with bewildering rapidity; while the shouts and cries outside the house, and the crackling and glare of the flames within, increased in violence and intensity with every passing moment: presently a thick, stifling smoke rapidly filled the chamber, impeding still more her trembling efforts; and when at last she had accomplished the change of dress, and groped her way to the door, she found it locked! Distraction! It flashed across her that on entering she had closed and locked the door, as if to exclude some pursuing, living enemy—but the key, where could she have placed *that?* She eagerly groped on the bed, the dressing-table, the drawers—nowhere could she find it. She felt that her senses were rapidly leaving her, when a well-known voice calling wildly upon her name caught her ear. She uttered a piercing scream, and again attempted to reach the door. To burst in the frail lock, to seize her in his arms, wrap her securely in the thick counterpane he tore off the bed, and bear her swiftly down the flaming stairs, was, for the athletic young seaman who had so opportunely arrived, scarcely more than the work of a minute.

Once in the open air, her fainting spirits rallied; and after one glance of infinite gratitude and tenderness towards her deliverer, she looked eagerly round, and exclaimed, "My father—where is he?" No one had seen him. The

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servants, who had got out of the house by the back way uninjured, said that as they knew he had been in the room where the fire broke out, they thought he must have escaped the first. "No—no—no!" exclaimed Miss Oakley; "I heard him ascend the stairs more than a quarter of an hour since, and go into his bedroom. Oh, Harry!" she continued with passionate intreaty, "save him! save my father from so dreadful—so horrible a death!" A warm pressure of the hand answered her, and Neville was starting forward to fulfil her behest, when a fireman grasped his arm and held him back.

"'Twould be madness, young man. The old-fashioned, panelled-built house is burning like a match. In another minute the lower stairs will fall in, and the roof soon afterwards. Do not needlessly throw away your life."

Neville paused: the building was thoroughly enveloped in flames, which were bursting through every window, both front and back. At the instant a wild, despairing cry, a shriek of intense and desperate agony, arose from out the blazing house. The intrepid seaman needed no further urging. He shook off the fireman's friendly grasp, drew his hat down to protect his eyes as much as possible, and the next instant disappeared within the flaming pile amidst the shouts of the admiring spectators. Fighting desperately with the fire, scorched, bruised, blackened, he at length gained the upper landing-place, and, guided by the cries of the terrified man, soon had him in his arms—his attenuated frame was scarcely so heavy as Caroline's—and was again descending the stairs. In vain! The vehement

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flame beat him back. A moment, and the lower stair fell in, and he could scarcely save himself by springing back and catching at the upper banisters. What was to be done? There was still a chance for himself, by dropping down whilst the sudden falling of the stair momently stifled the flames; but the poor moaning wretch in his arms!—could he abandon him? He remembered there was a window looking out on the sloping roof. He swiftly gained it, and a loud shout from the people below greeted his appearance at the aperture. "A ladder!" he exclaimed; "there is a chance yet if you only bear a hand." Twenty persons started off in quest of ladders, and Neville drew himself and his burthen as quickly as possible through the narrow casement. The tiled roof was so sharply sloped, that it was impossible to stand or walk upon it, and he stretched himself down on his back, with his feet reaching to the eaves, still holding the terrified and helpless man in his arms. The heat of the tiles singed his clothes, and he felt that his chance of life was rapidly becoming desperate. At length a ladder was brought, and raised against the house.

"Just under the edge of the roof," cried the young man; "I must slide through that flame."

"Ay, ay," was the prompt response.

Neville felt for the ends of the ladder with his feet. "All right! Now, hold firm at the foot. Cling close to me, Mr. Oakley," he added, "and bury your face as much as possible in my waistcoat. I must have both my arms at liberty. Now then!" With a powerful effort he pushed

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himself, as it were, over the edge of the roof, slid, as only sailors can, swiftly down the ladder, and safely reached the ground. The hurras of the spectators mingled with the crash of the falling roof. The delay of another minute must have been inevitably fatal.

Mr. Robert Oakley awoke late the next day with a strange sensation of pain and weakness, confusion of mind as well as illness of body; whilst mingling with, and dominating all, was a dull, aching sense of having lent himself to the commission of a dreadful offence, upon which, during the age of terror he had passed when environed by what appeared impassable walls of fire, he had thought the All-seeing God had passed and executed immediate judgment. That brave young man too, who had rescued him from the devouring flame at the imminent hazard of his own life—Caroline's future husband—a union sanctioned, blessed by the dying prayers of an angel now in heaven—he also would be robbed—— No, that money, he remembered, was to be devoted to—to——no matter: he was strangely confused this morning; besides, had not Conway promised—— Ah! but would he keep his promise, now that—— The current of his darkening thoughts was checked by the entrance of his daughter. She looked charmingly: unusual gaiety danced in her eyes, and her step appeared to have all at once recovered the elastic buoyancy of her young days before her mother was withdrawn from her. "A letter for you, papa. It was sent to the city; but as it was marked 'immediate,' and 'very important,' Danby thought it bet-

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ter to send it here." Mr. Oakley and his daughter, I should have stated, had obtained temporary lodgings the previous evening in the Hampstead neighborhood.

"'Immediate' and 'very important,'" said Oakley; "who can it be from, I wonder?"

"Here are your spectacles: read it; and when you have done, I have such joyful tidings for you."

"Joyful tidings for *me!*" exclaimed the conscience-burdened man with sad emphasis.

"For you—for me—for all of us! You have often heard me speak of my Cousin Alice, beautiful Alice, dear Harry's sister?"

"Yes, very often: but what of her?"

"Only that she is—— But first read your letter."

"Do you read it for me, Caroline; my eyes seem dim, and I feel confused here." He touched his forehead with his hand.

"You have not yet recovered from the terror of last night, papa. Harry, who brought me the good news this morning, is not well either: he is a good deal scorched and bruised."

"Brave, excellent young man! But read, Cary, read."

"How odd!" she exclaimed the instant she had broken the seal. "From the very person I was at the moment thinking of. It is dated from Berkeley Square, and states that Mr. Severn desires you to call there at four o'clock to-day, and bring Sir Martin Biddulph's will with you, as he has had a strange visit from a Mr. Conrad—no; Con—Con—I cannot well make out the name."

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"Conway!" suggested her father with a suppressed groan.

"Yes, Conway, who is to call again at that hour. You will go of course, papa?"

"Yes; it is essential that I should."

"Then you had better get up at once: I shall go with you."

"You go with me! What, in Heaven's name, for?"

"You will know, dear papa, when you get there," replied the joyous girl, kissing his forehead, and tripping lightly away. She stopped with the half-opened door in her hand, and looking back, said with merry archness, "You know, I daresay, that Mr. Severn is married; but you don't know who the Lady of Oatlands is—not yet, but you shall presently, if you are a good boy." She vanished, and her gay laugh rang jocundly along the passage, as she hurried off to order a coach, and prepare herself for the ride to Berkeley Square.

"Lady of Oatlands!" murmured Oakley, as he got out of bed. "What can she mean? Some foolish jest, I suppose. Dear me, I seem strangely giddy and bewildered. The fire—the fire, no doubt; and now I think of it, what so natural as that the will should have been burned with other papers and documents then—to be sure; and yet," he added with a confused look, and mechanically rubbing his forehead, "that is not, I think, what we agreed to say. Let me see. Lady of Oatlands!" he continued, wandering again. "She was speaking just before of Neville's sister, my brother Richard's child, Alice: surely she could not

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mean—— No—no; that—that would be too deep damnation!" He shook like an aspen at the thought that had arisen in his mind, and caught wildly at the bedpost for support. With difficulty he dismissed the idea as improbable and absurd; and hurrying his preparations, by the time Caroline returned, had finished his toilet, and was ready to set out.

"Now then, papa, the coach is at the door. Must we go to the city for the will? It is full late already."

"No, dear—no; I will explain. There is no occasion to go to the city."

Both were so entirely absorbed by the quick thoughts which glanced in swift succession through their minds—his, indistinct, gloomy, terrible, as Night and Fear; hers, light and joyous as flowers waving in the fragrant breath of golden summer—that no word was spoken by either till they arrived in Berkeley Square.

"Here we are, papa!" exclaimed Miss Oakley, arousing her father from his dull reverie.

He slowly descended from the coach, dismissed it, and leaning heavily on his daughter's arm, entered the magnificent mansion, and was immediately ushered up stairs into the drawing-room.

The company, which rose at their entrance, were, when the servant announced their names, in a state of great, and it seemed painful excitement. The youthful bride, Mrs. Severn, was seated between her husband and mother, who each held one of her hands. Her sweet face was flushed and tearful; and an expression of angry surprise, not

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unmixed with alarm, was visible not only upon Mr. Severn's countenance, but on that of Mrs. Richard Oakley, whose husband was engaged in earnest, and, as it seemed, agitating conversation with Mr. Neville. At a little distance sat Mr. Conway, in an ostentatiously-defiant attitude, and insolent expression of face; beneath which, nevertheless, a person accustomed to note the exterior signs of human emotion could not have failed to detect hot and cold flushes of undefined apprehension flitting to and fro. Hardy, by whom he was accompanied, stood a little behind him, his sinister features wearing their usual callous, God-and-man-defying aspect.

But all this Caroline Oakley headed not, neither did her father. She only saw her beautiful Cousin Alice; it was more than two years since they had last met, and she speeded with eager fondness to embrace, to congratulate, to lavish on her the joyous tokens of her affectionate, loving admiration and delight. As for Robert Oakley, he saw at first but a mass of faces, menacing, stern at least, he thought, except, indeed, that of his brother—his brother so coldly thrown off, contemned, abandoned, many years before, but who now stepped forward and shook him warmly by the hand as he guided his tottering steps to a chair. What could it all mean? His agitation, his bewilderment, was pitiable. He rose from his chair, and seemed about to cross over to Mr. Conway, then sat down again, got up, reseated himself in the blankest confusion and dismay.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Oakley," said Mr. Severn. "This

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matter will, I have no doubt, be speedily cleared up. You of course received my note?"

"He did," replied Caroline Oakley, who, puzzled and dismayed by the strange aspect of the circle of faces round her, except, indeed, that of Neville, had rejoined her father. "We are here in compliance with the request it contained."

"That being so," continued Mr. Severn with relaxed sternness, "this strange misapprehension can be at once terminated. The will, sir, which my uncle, Sir Martin Biddulph, left in your custody, and of which I have long known the purport, you of course have brought with you?"

"The will!" murmured Robert Oakley, gazing with a perplexed and terrified expression at the speaker—"the will!"

"Yes, sir; I speak plainly I think. The will of Sir Martin Biddulph, left, as he informed me, with you."

"Ah yes, I remember," rejoined the bewildered man, rubbing his forehead, as if to recall some circumstance to memory, and looking fixedly at Mr. Conway, who appeared purposely to avoid his gaze. "The will—it was burned last night in the dreadful fire!"

"Burned!" cried Mr. Severn—"burned! Why, this is a new invention! You said just now, Mr. Conway, and the person near you confirmed your words, that Mr. Oakley declared no will of Sir Martin's had ever been left with him."

"Precisely; but his intellect seems deranged."

"Not left with me," exclaimed Oakley, as if suddenly

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recalling what to that moment had escaped his memory. "True—true—not left with me; true, I remember now, that was it."

"Father! father!" exclaimed Caroline, throwing herself on her knees before him in an ecstacy of agonized apprehension, "what dreadful meaning lies concealed in your words?"

"Nothing, my child," he answered, gently raising her. "Not left with me—no, no—burned, as I told you; how could I help it?"

Exclamations of surprise, rage, and indignation, burst from the lips of his brother and Mr. Severn.

"Stay, stay, do not curse me, sir; do not upbraid me, Richard: I will make all right. That girl, that lady is she your child?"

"Yes, and the wife of the man you carelessly or wilfully beggared."

"And did I not hear some one say, as we came along, that the funds had risen three per cent. this morning?"

"They had at two o'clock at all events," said Hardy soothingly.

"Good; and that lady is your daughter? So, Mr. Conway, I shall not want your assistance, and everything will be right again—quite right." He laughed faintly, and stood up, gazing with a vacant, elated expression upon his auditors. Their stern and indignant looks appeared to recall his wandering mind to a sense of the reality of the scene before him. His filmy eyes lightened with momentary intelligence; he burst into a paroxysm of tears, and threw

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himself into the arms of his brother, exclaiming, in the last coherent words he ever uttered, "Forgive me, brother; oh forgive me. I helped to burn the will last night! He, Conway, paid the price of my soul; and I, miserable villain that I am, who killed my wife, have now ruined you, yours, Caroline—all that ever loved or trusted me." Violent convulsions seized him, and he was borne out of the apartment, followed by his weeping, horror-stricken daughter.

"You hear?" said Mr. Severn, addressing Conway.

"I have heard," replied that person, quickly recovering his momently-faltering hardihood—"I have heard the ravings of a lunatic. You heard him declare a minute before that no will had been left with him. That, no doubt, is the fact."

"It is all raving nonsense what he says about burning a will last night," said Hardy with cool effrontery; "that I can testify."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Severn, pale with passion.

"Never mind, Hardy," said Conway, with triumphant malice; "losers, you know, are privileged to call names. But it is time this business should be terminated. Either, my sweet, amiable, *virtuous* coz, produce the will you speak of, or, like a sensible fellow, give possession at once to the undoubted heir-at-law. I still adhere to my promise of allowing you a handsome annuity for life—on condition, of course, that my unquestionable right is at once and frankly admitted."

"I will accept no gift from you," replied Mr. Severn; "and I will assuredly surrender nothing till I have

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consulted Sir Martin's solicitor, whom I momently expect."

"Quite right, coz," rejoined Conway; "and if that astute gentleman—Mr. Smart, I believe; firm of Smart and Figes—does not long delay his appearance, I can have no objection to your remaining here till he comes"——

This insolent speech, and the angry retort rising to Mr. Severn's lips, were both checked by the footman's announcement of "Mr. Smart."

A very properly-named gentleman indeed; and, moreover, spruce, neat, spotless, as if he had just stepped—powdered hair, pigtail, polished Hessian boots, bottle-green coat, light-flowered waistcoat, gold snuff-box, and all—out of a show-glass. One, too, of the most polite, the most courteous of gentlemen; bland as summer in speech; in action, it was reported, keen as the north wind: a bachelor withal, although a great admirer of the gentler sex, for whom he invariably manifested unbounded respect and deference. He glided courteously round the circle, tendering his compliments or his snuff-box alternately to all; which done, he had leisure to gaze round in astounded recognition of the perplexed and angry countenances by which he found himself environed.

"Very extraordinary, upon my word! Quite, it should seem, 'à la mort.' Sir Martin was unquestionably a most estimable gentleman, and of course it is proper and natural his death should excite grief—natural and proper grief, that is; for I hold excess, even of virtuous emotions, to be unchristian, and therefore"——

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"It is not *that*," interrupted Mr. Severn impatiently, although he still hesitated to ask the question which trembled on his lips.

"Not that! Then what, in the name of fortune, *can* it be? Something excessively melancholy and grievous, I should say," added the solicitor, helping himself to a comfortable pinch, and bowing with elaborate courtesy to Mrs. Severn, "to throw a gloom over the features of *your* husband—excuse my freedom of speech, madam, pray; it was quite involuntary—spontaneous, I assure you—and the possessor of sixteen thousand a year. Very melancholy and grievous indeed; quite a curiosity, I should say, and I am extremely anxious to make its acquaintance. I think I perceive," continued the oily man of law, finding no one reply to him—"I think I perceive the cause of this passing cloud. Don't you think, sir," he added, approaching Mr. Conway with his extended snuff-box, and speaking in the blandest tone imaginable—"don't you think, sir, that all matters relative to the annuity bequeathed you by Sir Martin's will would be better, more pleasantly, arranged at my office?"

Mr. Conway smiled, and immediately said, "You know, Mr. Smart—none better, I am sure—the position and rights of an heir-at-law?"

"Unquestionably I do. He succeeds to the real estate, and so much of exclusive personals, though there are conflicting decisions, as pertain to the proper maintenance of his condition. The family plate and furniture of Oatlands, and this mansion, for instance, would, in my opinion, pass

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to you with the reality, as the late Sir Martin Biddulph's heir-at-law, were you not—as we all know you are—and really were it not that the fortunate legatee is my excellent and esteemed young friend—if he will permit me to call him so—Mr. Severn, I should greatly regret the circumstance—barred from the succession by the amiable baronet's will."

"Have you the original draft of that will?" said Mr. Severn.

"Original draft! No, certainly not. Of what possible use would it be?"

"I thought perhaps, helped with your testimony, it might avail; but as it is, we are, it seems, beggars!"

"Eh! what!" exclaimed Mr. Smart, springing briskly up from the chair in which he had just seated himself. "Eh! what!"

"The will is destroyed—burned!" said Mr. Severn bitterly.

"What! eh!" again ejaculated the lawyer, wheeling half round, and facing Mr. Severn.

"The late Sir Martin Biddulph left no will," said Mr. Conway from the opposite side; and Mr. Smart wheeled back again, once more repeating, "What! eh!"

No one seemed disposed to further enlighten him, and he was compelled himself to renew the conversation. "Upon my life this is very extraordinary. Will you, sir—will your ladyship—I beg pardon, I am wrong—premature, at all events. The baronetcy is, I am aware, extinct, in consequence of the failure of heirs in the male line; but it

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will be renewed, madam, no question of that, loooking at the steady support given to the minister by the late excellent baronet. Still I am premature; but will you, madam, prevail on some of these gentlemen to explain?"

"The explanation is as easy as it is conclusive," said Mr. Severn, and he related what had previously occurred.

"Remarkable, madam, is it not?" said Mr. Smart when the narration was finished. "Quite a drama in itself—quite so." Harry Neville's keen eye noticed that the revelation just made had not in the slightest degree diminished the lawyer's deferential manner towards his sister. "There are, you perceive, all the usual *dramatis personæ: la jeune première*—a most profound bow; *la dame noble*—a less elaborate inclination towards Mrs. Richard Oakley; and—and"—— he glanced towards Mr. Conway; "but perhaps it might be deemed discourteous to pursue the analogy furthur."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed that gentleman with assumed fierceness, though evidently discomposed by the calm assurance of the lawyer.

"I will tell you," rejoined that courteous personage with his pleasantest smile. "Did you ever remark—but of course a gentlemen of your intelligent observation must have often done so—that great rogues—nothing personal, I assure you, Mr. Conway—— this Oakley is of course, as you represent him, a slandering lunatic; but still, as a general rule, you must have observed that great rogues are almost always great fools? In this very case now," continued Mr. Smart, resuming his seat, crossing his legs, and

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evidently greatly enjoying the eager curiosity which hung upon his words—"in this very case, supposing—only supposing, mind—that what we have heard is true, how, except upon the principle of 'Quem Deus vult perdere—prius dementat'—correct, I believe, Mr. Severn—or would you say, 'primum?'"

"Go on—go on."

"How else, I say, could ordinarily sane persons imagine that the old-established firm of Smart and Figes would have left such an important document to a single chance of fire or other accident. The truth is, gentlemen—I beg ten thousand pardons—ladies and gentlemen; and, by the by, Mr. Conway, you have been in Paris I know—it appears to me that the politest nation in the world, as they call themselves, and in fact are in many respects, are strangely out with their 'messieurs et mesdames.'"

"The devil fly away with you and the politest nation into the bargain!" exclaimed Conway; "what is it you are driving at?"

"Take it coolly, pleasantly, Mr. Conway, as I always do," replied the lawyer with super-blandness. "The plain truth, then, since you will have it, is, that the will of Sir Martin Biddulph was executed, as all wills ought to be, in duplicate; and that here," drawing a neatly-folded parchment from his pocket, "that here is the counterpart!"

The surprise, joy, exultation, mortification, and rage, excited in the breasts of that auditory by this announcement may be imagined better than described. Mr. Conway, followed by his confidant, left the house in an agony of rage

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and disappointment. A few days' reflection brought, however, enforced calm and resignation. He accepted the considerably-augmented annuity proffered by Mr. Severn, and sought employment and distinction in the ranks of the British armies then engaged in the terrific struggle with the French legions in Spain. He found both there; and in the bitter fight before Toulouse, the Gazette said, a glorious death. Hardy was never again heard of. He vanished into one of the sinks of society, and doubtless perished there.

The winding-up of the affairs of Mr. Robert Oakley, who, it was soon authoritatively declared, had been smitten with permanent lunacy—he had received a heavy blow on the head, it was ascertained, doubtless at the fire—did not, thanks to the rise in the funds, and to the withdrawal of all claims due to the estate of Sir Martin Biddulph, wind up so disastrously as had been anticipated. After discharging all claims, including that directed by the dying commands of her mother to be paid, the large sum of which the firm of Cummings, Brothers had been legally defrauded, Caroline found herself possessed of about £12,000—not a very splendid fortune, but sufficient, with the profits of her gallant, single-minded husband's profession, not only for her own and his moderate wishes, but for the future advantageous placing out of their rather numerous progeny; and for the present help and support of Caroline's God-stricken parent, who, helpless, dejected, utterly crazed, but harmless, passed his days in roaming about the grounds and garden,

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ever muttering to himself fantastic schemes of aggrandisement by successful speculations in the stock and money markets. He died at the age of fifty-eight, making no sign except that of his life—surely a vivid and instructive one to all who have the will and faculty to read it aright.

Mr. Smart's anticipation respecting the baronetcy was very speedily realised; and Sir Francis and Lady Severn, in the enjoyment of their mutual affection, their brilliant fortune and position, might be reckoned amongst the most favored of mankind. There was no likelihood, either, that this baronetcy would lapse, by failure of heirs in the male line. A very happy woman, doubtless, was Lady Severn, for she was good and amiable as fortunate; but anything like so *proud* a woman as her mother, Mrs. Richard Oakley, she assuredly was not, especially when that excellent lady had her quiver full of grandchildren. But it is time to close this somewhat garrulous narrative of long since passed, and, except to a few persons, almost forgotten events; and I perhaps cannot better do so than in the words of Mr. Twynham, who frankly admitted—I think it was on the day after the christening of the fourth, perhaps the fifth child—I am not sure which—that "gentleness, guilelessness, simplicity, beauty, and grace, may insure happiness even in extremely unequal marriages—a truth exemplified in the domestic lives of Sir Francis and Lady Severn."

"An example, however, which ought not to be set down as a precedent," said Mr. Smart, who was present; and I agree with him.

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REVERIE.

BY FANNY FALES.

She has been reading: See—her snowy fingers
Nestle amid the pages of the tome;
The sweet sad tale upon her reverie lingers,
A legend of old Rome.

It suits the hour: The breeze e'en is love-laden;
The blossom, and the low coo of the dove;
The golden twilight like a glimpse of Aidenn,
And God o'er all, *is Love*.

Is she not beautiful?—With rich brown tresses,
And eyes half sun, half shadow, like the skies;
One little name deep in her heart she blesses—
The semblance near her lies—

So well beloved: But Angels loved him better;
And when the leaves died, won him to their sphere;
She clings to him, though loosen'd sorrows fetter,
And dreams that he is near.

Ah, now! e'en now, look in her eyes of azure,
Where beameth joy like stars in summer skies;
They dawn upon him with a holy pleasure—
Her spirit to him flies.

He waits for her beside the gate supernal;
She feels it—and the hope—light fills her face;
O Love and Truth! e'en like those gates, eternal,
In her heart ye have place.

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So young, so fair, and yet to have known sorrow—
How sweetly patient 'neath the chast'ning rod;
She looketh upward for a glad to-morrow,
With him, and with her God.

HEADS MAY DIFFER—HEARTS AGREE.

Though in matters of faith we can't always agree,
And kneel at one altar together;
Yet in friendship and love we united may be,
Or our practice is not worth a feather:
Like the bee, whose philosophy, truthful indeed,
Invites it each blossom to rifle;
Let us honor what's noble and good in each creed—
Not with conscience and honesty trifle.

How much better and wiser the world might become,
Would partisans cease their contention;
Would the censor but pause, and the bigot be dumb,
Nor strengthen the words of dissension:
But love one another, as brothers and men,
In works of pure charity and labor—
Be true to the faith they profess, and again
Respect the same right in their neighbor.

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DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents, is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and dryly down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that, because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is to let them grapple with the unavoidable sor-

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row, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself: to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are, nevertheless, calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet, the sight of this spot does

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not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field; and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gayety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gayety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected

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by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavors, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure, or, at least, to set off the one with the other—to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindliness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to

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conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now, the liability to the loss of children—or, rather, what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one

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alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

THE FREED STREAM.

Like a child the eager streamlet
Leaped and laughed adown the hill;
Happy to be free at twilight
From its toiling at the mill.

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BRANDIED PEACHES.

My good wife, Mrs. John Jones, Jr., being, in some respects, a woman of the old school, is rather slow in adopting new things; and rarely abandons her favorite customs or opinions, unless convinced by some living and often painful experience that they are wrong. When the great temperance reformation began to extend itself in society, Mrs. Jones was rather indignant at a neighbor for suggesting that she was wrong in taking a little toddy now and then, and in setting out the decanter to visitors. But some things that she saw and felt, satisfied her on the subject so entirely, that she not only adopted the good practice of drinking water herself, but gave the same pure beverage to her visitors when they were dry.

But there were two or three matters in which Mrs. Jones was indisposed to go with what she called the ultra temperance people. She would put brandy in her mince pies and wine in her pudding sauce; and spite of the frowns of some neighbors and the remonstrances of others, would put up a few jars of brandied peaches every season. As for me, I thought with my wife on these subjects, or, if the truth were more correctly stated, didn't think at all about them. Touching her mince pies, I always considered them better made and better flavored than any I happened to

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meet with from home, and if it required the brandy to obtain just the flavor they possessed, why, I was for the brandy—that was all. Not having been initiated into the art and mystery appertaining to the province of a pastry cook, I was not so presumptuous as to say—

"Don't you think, Mrs. Jones, that a little more brandy, a little less, or none at all, would improve your pies?"

Oh no, I was not so presumptuous as that! What did I know about mince pies beyond the pleasure of eating them? And as for the pudding sauce, I couldn't imagine the existence of the article unless dashed with the flavor of wine. A lady, in arguing the matter with Mrs. Jones, in my presence, said that a little vinegar improved pudding sauce very much, and gave to it a more agreeable flavor than wine. The lady, while saying this, turned and looked towards me. She stopped suddenly. I don't know why, unless the vinegar aspect of my face curdled her feelings. The fact is, the idea of vinegar in my pudding sauce was so shocking that I felt sour all over, and no doubt looked as I felt.

But the substitution of vinegar for wine has never been made in our domestic economy. We might give up the wine, but I hardly think we would stand the vinegar.

Last year, as every one knows, peaches were as plenty as blackberries—(I speak metaphorically.) They were to be had at from three to ten cents the half peck, and any quantity for a dollar. From morning till night you heard little else but "Peaches, Oh! Here dey go!" until the very sight of the fruit took away your appetite. People declined them when offered with the refreshments at parties, because they

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were "too cheap;" and they became a drug—speaking unmedicinally—as an article for the dessert.

"Send me home a couple of gallons of white brandy," said Mrs. Jones, one day, during the time of this abundance.

"Very well," I replied, as in duty bound.

"Be sure that it is the best," added Mrs. Jones. "I'm going to brandy some peaches."

"So you havn't the fear of temperance societies before your eyes," said I, smiling.

"I respect temperance as much as any one," replied Mrs. Jones; "and consider myself as temperate as any body. But I never believed in carrying things to extremes."

"Touch not, taste not, handle not. That's the law, you know."

"Not for me. I am a law to myself," said Mrs. Jones, good-humoredly.

"People will call you a dreadful bad woman."

"People say almost anything that suits their fancies. If we minded them we would have enough to do, and a little over. But don't forget the brandy. I'm going to get the peaches to-day, and must do them to-morrow."

"Very well. You shall have the brandy."

Accordingly I ordered the two gallons of white brandy, and the next day the whole quantity was used in the process of preserving peaches. My wife put up a double quantity, because peaches were cheap. The price of the brandy was not, of course, to be taken into the account.

"How much do you suppose all them peaches cost?"

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asked Mrs. Jones, as she pointed me to three or four jars of preserves.

"I'm sure I don't know. A dollar and a half?"

"Just sixty-five cents."

"Cheap enough, in all conscience."

"So I say. I'm almost sorry I didn't put up some more, while I was about it."

"The brandy costs something," I suggested.

"Of course," replied Mrs. Jones.

"Five dollars, in this case, to sixty-five cents for the peaches."

"Oh no!" was the quick answer.

"Yes. There were two gallons of brandy at two dollars and a half a gallon."

Mrs. Jones looked a little serious. Her brandied peaches were not so very cheap, after all.

"I didn't think about the cost of the brandy," said she, or I wouldn't have put up so many. But I want to send a jar to cousin Agnes and another to aunt Mildred."

"Small damage done," I replied cheerfully. "Brandied peaches are good, and it's no harm to have enough of them."

And so the subject was dismissed from our thoughts.

My wife had a beautiful cousin residing in Newark, New Jersey, who often came over to the city and spent a few days or weeks with us. We were fond of Maria, for she was a lovely, intelligent girl, and won the affections of all who were thrown into her society. About Christmas we were taken by surprise with the news that Maria was to be

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married in January. It was the first intelligence we had received of her having a lover, though the fact was by no means wonderful.

Maria's mother wrote us, that on the occasion of the marriage the young bride and her husband would come on and spend a few days with us. This arrangement pleased us, and we made every preparation to receive and entertain them.

The young man to whom Maria was to be married, was a stranger to us. His name was Mark Wilder. All we learned of him through the letter of Maria's mother was, that he resided in New York, and was doing business there, and that he was, moreover, as far as they knew, fully worthy to claim the hand of their sweet child.

In due time the young couple arrived. Maria had never looked so lovely nor so happy. Wilder was not so young as we had expected to find him, though we could hardly say that the disparity in their ages was sufficient to occasion remark.—She was twenty-two, and he about thirty.

With the dessert, on the day of their arrival, came some of my wife's peaches. This was an article on which she prided herself. After serving the pudding, she asked Wilder if he would have some of the brandied peaches.

"No, I thank you," he replied.

"Yes, do take some. They are very fine," urged Mrs. Jones.

"You'll have to try my wife's brandied peaches," I spoke up. "I can testify as to their quality."

"Do try some, Mark," said the young bride, in a coaxing voice, turning her eye upon her husband as she spoke.

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"I can take no denial." And as my wife said this, she handed Wilder the peaches, and he took them.

"I declare! you havn't touched them peaches yet," said Maria, some two or three minutes afterwards.

"Now that is too bad," fell from the lips of Mrs. Jones, in a half-reproachful tone.

Wilder, at this, took the saucer and tasted the fruit.

"They're very fine indeed," said he. "Very fine. I never remember to have met with any having so delightful a flavor."

"I pride myself on my brandied peaches," remarked my wife, in a self-satisfied manner.

After tasting the peaches, Wilder ate what had been served to him with an evident relish.

"Try another," said Mrs. Jones.

"I don't care if I do," was replied. "I didn't think they were so fine. It's some time since I tasted fruit preserved in this way."

Before retiring that evening, some refreshments were served by my wife, and among them her brandied peaches. Wilder did not decline this time, but ate the fruit with a fine relish, and praised it highly.

"I've got a jar for Maria," said my wife.

"Have you indeed!" returned Wilder. "We shall enjoy them very much. You must teach her your skill in preserving them."

"Indeed I will. Take another, won't you?"

"I don't care if I do. They are delicious."

Such praise of her peaches was sufficient to cause Mrs.

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Jones to introduce them as often as it could be done while the young couple stayed. They were served with the dessert every day; set out with the lunch at eleven o'clock, and introduced with the refreshments in the evening. And, on all these occasions, Wilder needed no urging to induce him to partake of them freely.

On the day before they were to return, Wilder went out after dinner. It was the first time he had done so, unaccompanied by his wife. He did not come home until near tea-time. We spent the evening socially. I noticed a change in the young man, but did not think anything about it until after we had retired, when Mrs. Jones said—

"Didn't you think Mr. Wilder acted strangely?"

"How?" I inquired.

"He has been so quiet and gentlemanly. But to-night he was noisy and, at times, almost rude."

"He seemed to be in very good spirits."

"Too good spirits, I should say."

"He felt better acquainted, perhaps, and acted himself out more fully."

"No, I don't believe it was that," said my wife. "I don't believe it was that."

"What was it then?"

"I'm afraid he's been drinking."

"Oh, no!"

"I'm sure of it. I'm never deceived."

"Perhaps he met a friend, and took a social glass with him."

"He's taken more than one glass, you may depend upon

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it. I really feel sad about it. I thought Maria looked sober."

"I didn't observe anything different in her," said I. "She's never very gay, you know."

But Mrs. Jones would insist upon it that Wilder had been drinking and that Maria looked troubled.

On the next morning they appeared at breakfast time, looking as happy as usual. The meal was a hurried one, as they were to leave for New York in the morning line, and passed but little conversation.

"Oh!" said Wilder, as he stood with his cloak on his arm, waiting for the trunks to be strapped on to the carriage that was to convey them to the boat—"You mustn't forget the jar of brandied peaches."

"You shall have them," replied Mrs. Jones, laughing. "They'll go on by express to-morrow."

"That's right. I don't think I could enjoy my dessert, now, without a brandied peach."

"What will you do when they are gone?" asked Maria, looking archly in his face.

"Do without, I suppose, unless we can find a supply in New York."

The driver announced the carriage as ready.—Hurried farewells succeeded, and in a few minutes we were alone.

"I like him very much," said Mrs. Jones, as we turned back into the house. "Maria has certainly done very well."

"So do I. He seems to be a young man of intelligence and good principle, and from what he said I should judge

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that he was doing an excellent business. They certainly have my most ardent wishes for prosperity and happiness."

"And mine also," returned my wife earnestly. "Maria is a dear child; I always loved her. If I could strew her path through life with flowers, perfume and beauty should greet her at every step."

On the next morning the jar of brandied peaches was sent on as promised by express. Weeks elapsed without our learning anything from the young couple, though scarcely a day passed that we did not speak of them.

About this time business took me to New York. On the day of my arrival I sent a note to Maria, telling her that I would see her in the evening. I called at eight o'clock, and after being shown into an elegantly-furnished parlor, awaited Maria's appearance for nearly five minutes. I was beginning to wonder at her delay, when the door opened and she came in. Oh, how a few weeks had changed her! Instead of springing to meet me with an eager smile and grasping my hand in the excess of pleasure always shown at previous meetings, she advanced but slowly, and when I bent to kiss her, her head sunk against me, and she welcomed me with tears and sobs. Nothing could have more surprised me than this change.

"My dear, dear Maria," said I, after leading her to a chair, "why do I see you in such distress?"

"Forgive me, uncle," she replied, struggling to regain her self-possession, and endeavoring to smile through her tears. "But I've felt so low-spirited all day; I know it is

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wrong to give up to our feelings; still, there are times when we cannot help it; I wish I were not so foolish."

As she evaded all my questions as to the cause of her unhappy feelings, I could do little but seek to interest her in conversation. In this I did not prove very successful. When I inquired for her husband, she replied that he was engaged out for the evening, but did not say that he would be glad to see me on the next day.

I felt very unhappy after leaving Maria, and could sleep but little all night. In the morning I called early to see a gentleman whom I knew to be acquainted with Wilder. When I mentioned the name of the latter my friend looked grave.

"Have you seen him lately?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I saw him yesterday."

"I called at his house last evening," I replied, "but he was not at home. I was a little surprised to find Maria suffering from lowness of spirits."

"I'm afraid she has cause," was my friend's answer.

"Cause! You alarm me! What cause?"

"You may not know," said he, "that Wilder has been an intemperate man."

"Intemperate! Bless me!"

"About five years ago he drank freely. All his friends were in great distress, for it was feared that he was about becoming a hopeless drunkard. But he suddenly reformed, entered into business, and has since avoided tasting even wine. On the occasion of his marriage, or while on a visit to your city at that time, I am afraid he was tempted to drink

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something, for ever since he has been almost daily more or less under the influence of liquor. I don't wonder that his wife is low-spirited. Heaven only knows where it is going to end!"

"He stayed with us while in Philadelphia," said I, "but we never offered him either wine or brandy." As I uttered this, a thought of my wife's brandied peaches flashed through my mind.

I had few more questions to ask, for I comprehended all too clearly. How badly I felt may be imagined. It was about eleven o'clock in the day, and presuming I would find Wilder at his store, I went there forthwith. He sat reading as I entered. On looking up from the newspaper he did not recognize me, but when I mentioned my name he started to his feet quickly, and grasped my hand, while a flush passed over his face.

"I was sorry I could not be at home last evening," he half stammered. "An engagement which I had made compelled me to go out. But I am very glad to see you now. How do you do—and how is our good aunt?"

"All very well," I replied; but not with the warmth of manner he exhibited—that was out of the question. I felt too sad at heart. One thing I remarked, he was perfectly sober. This was some relief to my feelings.

"You will dine with us to-day?" said Wilder. There was some constraint in his manner as he said this.

"Perhaps Maria will not expect me."

"Oh, yes she will. She wished me to apologise for not inviting you last evening. But you must excuse

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her, she was rather low-spirited about something last night."

"So I observed. Poor child! what can there be to make her pure, loving, gentle heart sad?"

Wilder appeared ill at ease, and this remark rather tended to disturb than tranquilize his feelings. We found it difficult to enter upon any regular conversation. In a little while I went away, after promising to call at half past two o'clock and go home with him to dinner. Trembling lest I should find all my worst fears realized, I called at the hour appointed, and found Wilder as sober as when I had left him in the morning, and in a far better state of mind. My feelings were wonderfully relieved. On going home with him, I noticed that the moment we entered Maria glanced quickly, and with an earnest look, at her husband. Then, as if relieved from a heavy pressure of suspense, her spirit seemed to bound with a happy impulse. She welcomed me with one of her old smiles, and looked so like her former self that I was half in doubt whether I had not been dreaming of all that had passed the evening before.

After dinner, and while Wilder and I sat conversing alone, he said to me, with a solemnity I can never forget—

"My visit to you came well nigh proving my ruin; but your visit here has saved me, for it has inspired me with a resolution that I did not yesterday possess. For five years previous to the time of my marriage, no strong drink of any kind passed my lips. I dared not touch it, for to do so I knew would instantly revive an old appetite, whose appeals I could not resist. But at your table I was tempted with a

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brandied peach; I resisted at first, but it was urged upon me so strongly that I at length yielded. I cannot tell you with what delight I ate that fruit. You no doubt remember how warmly I praised it, and that our aunt sent us on a jar of the delicious preserves. And what has been the result? Until to-day I have hardly known a sober hour since our return to New York. But the dark hour has passed. I feel that I am myself again—I shall touch the accursed poison no more."

My poor wife—how deeply was she afflicted when I bore to her this news! If tears could have washed out her error, it would have been obliterated from the page of events. No one can imagine with what anxiety we listened for every breath of intelligence from Maria's husband, and no one need envy us the painful anxiety we still experience. Happily, Wilder was true to his resolution. Up to this time he has remained steadfast, and Maria's heart is again happy; but not so happy, nor will it ever be, as it was before one of my wife's brandied peaches revealed her husband's infirmity. Of course, no more brandied peaches will ever be put up in my house. Mrs. Jones, to use her own words, "hates the very sight of them."

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THE DYING WIFE'S PLEA TO HER HUSBAND.

BY MRS. R. H. RILEY.

See on my burning cheek there glows a feverish flush to-night;
Oh, husband! leave me not, I pray! for feeble grows my sight.
Far from my friends and home I came, to this the stranger's land,—
Asunder burst each kindred tie, through life by thee to stand.

Remember all thy former vows, and all I've braved for thee;
Remember how to thee I've clung as ivy to the tree;
And, more than all, our *little ones*, ah, hear their plaintive cries;
See how they stretch their tiny hands, and see their pleading eyes!

Then not for me, but, but for them, I pray thee go not now;
Stay, stay, to-night, I'd have thee make to God a solemn vow;
I'd have thee vow that ne'er again from holy walks to stray,
But from all paths which lead to sin this night to turn away.

Ah, dearest! I have struggled long with negligence and want;
Yes, meekly borne each angry word, and dark and bitter taunt;
But through it all I've clung to thee most fervently and true,
Still loving thee as much as when thou didst my young heart woo

I fled my kindred and my home, and my reward is—what?
Look on our ragged children, look! and on this shattered hut!
See on my youthful face is stamped the signal of decay;
Yourself and babes you yet can save--then stay, in mercy stay!

The solemn winds are moaning loud, and colder grows the night;
No bread for these our little ones, no fire our hearth to light:
Then take these tattered rags, I pray, which clad my freezing form,—
Take them to comfort my poor babes, and I will brave the storm.

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Ere sunlight o'er the distant sea its golden radiance flings,
My risen spirit heavenward will point, arrow-like, its wings;
But, then—oh, frantic thought!—who will, when I am 'neath the sod,
Protect my helpless orphan ones, and raise them up for God?

I feel that I am sinking fast—take, take my starving child;
Its cries of hunger wring my heart, and make my brain grow wild;
My famished breast yields not one drop its cravings to appease,—
Oh mercy! and is this the end of all my promised ease?

Look how the veins lie shrunk, to-night, upon my wasted brow—
Then on my cheek behold the hues of death are gathering now.
Enough! He's gone! His coming steps I ne'er shall hear again,
And I the last of mortal cups am left alone to drain!

My heart is broken! I can bear no longer this fierce strife,
For feebly ebbs my sluggish blood, with health and joy once rife;
Now closer cling, my darling ones; cling closer to my breast;
Brood yet awhile beneath my wing; and, while ye can, take rest.

Kind Providence! how wise thou art, in screening angels' eyes,
For, could my mother now behold how lone her daughter dies,
Heaven would no longer be to her a paradise of love;
For she would pine, amid its joys, as pines the wounded dove.

But Thou who hear'st on high our thoughts, protect my children dear;
Thou who dost mark the sparrow's fall and dri'st the orphan's tear,
Take them beneath thy sheltering wing, and guide them day by day,
And from the drunkard's grave, oh Lord! their father save, I pray!

Thus, by slow torture, died the wife, whose gasping breath was spent
In prayer for him whose cruel strokes her chords of life had rent!

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THE FOUR QUEENS OF SONG.

CATALINI, PASTA, SONTAG, MALIBRAN.

Angelica Catalini was a Roman by birth, and was born at the close of the last century. She was brought before the public at an early age, and sang all over the southern part of Europe, principally in Italy and Spain. While in Spain she married M. Valabreque, an officer in Junot's army. She was remarkable for her personal charms; her form as well as her lovely face is said to have been a model of beauty, and her excellent character, combined with her rare gifts of voice and mind, almost entirely unaided by education, rendered her an object of rapturous admiration to all classes. She was a born genius; for she had had little training or culture in any branch, but she was quick, full of tact—that special gift of Providence to woman, and which supplies the place of whole libraries of learning—and endowed by nature with the most wonderful vocal powers. Her voice was a clear, pure *soprano;* but though she was a singer, she was no musician. She sang in operas composed expressly for her, in which the part was adapted to her voice and her style of execution. Her greatest character, Semiramide, was in an opera of that name, which was composed by Portogallo, a composer now unknown, and whose music she brought into fashion.

She sang in comic operas, and her arch vivacity made

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her very captivating; but no matter however great the composer might be whose music she was singing, she did not hesitate to cut out passage after passage, to make room for her own *bravuras*, whether they suited the part or not. Her favorite manner of exhibition, however, was at concerts; where, in England, she drew down thunders of applause, by singing their national airs—"Rule Britannia," "God Save the King," and simple ballads. Thus we see that we are not the only set of people to whom musicians have played and sung "Yankee Doodle" and "Oh, Susannah" melodies. Her powers of voice, great natural abilities, and beautiful face and person, would have made her one of the greatest dramatic singers on the stage, had she been trained and educated; but she had no early advantages, and discovering that nature had done enough to secure mere worldly success, she cared little for the future brightness of that great firmament of Art in which she was intended by nature to shine as a fixed star rather than as a comet. She was born under a sky whose atmosphere, as it is inhaled by its children, bestows music and all lovely gifts. "To be born a Roman or a Neapolitan," said a clever foreigner once, "is to be born a singer or a painter—Italians are artists from the cradle."

Catalini, like Sontag, retired from the stage, and after an absence of ten or twelve years, returned for a short time. There is quite a similarity between the re-appearances of Catalini and Sontag: as Sontag returns, a new vocal star is rising—Parodi. When Catalini re-appeared, the great Pasta had just made her début.

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Pasta, the acknowledged queen of song—the greatest dramatic singer that ever trod the boards—made a débût as a girl in 1817, but created little or no sensation. She withdrew from the stage, and spent five years in retirement and close study of her profession. In 1822, she appeared at Paris, and this was her true débût as a great singer; at this time she was twenty-four—the age of Parodi. She was not a tall woman, but had a finely-proportioned person, a majestic carriage, and her voice, which was a rich *mezzo-soprano*, was carefully and properly cultivated. She was a dramatic vocalist—a musician as well as a singer. Her great characters, as her biographers and the old journals tell us, were Rossini's Desdemona, Tancredi and Semiramide, Romeo in Zingarelli's Romeo and Guiletta, Pasiello's Nina, Mayer's Medea, and she was the first singer of Bellini's great poetical creation, Norma. Those who have listened to her have told us that as often as they saw her they never recognized the singer; that is, she was never Pasta, but always the character she was personating. Night after night, a friend told us who saw her in Naples in 1825, they would see her in Tancredi, Semiramide and other characters, but every night she was different—every night singing, as if from inspiration, the words of her character.

She left the stage in the prime of her life, and in the very height of her great fame; but she has not been idle during her retirement—she has prepared most of the best singers of the present time: the celebrated Grisi had instructions from her; Biscaccienti, the American vocalist,

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is said to have been indebted to Pasta for musical directions; but her acknowledged and favorite pupil is the great vocalist we have lately heard, Parodi.

In 1828 M'lle. Sontag appeared, and for a while the cold, fair Prussian made some forget the pure vocal style Pasta had been so nobly representing, and they again ran blindly after the wonders they had admired during the Catalini *furore*. M'lle. Sontag was a pleasing, respectable actress, but preferred to take the ears of the multitude by storm, by turning her voice into an instrument. We remember reading many years ago, in foreign papers, the most rapturous accounts of Sontag's execution of the violin variations of Rode's air. She was one of the most florid singers of the modern florid school of Rossini. She was not remarkable as a dramatic singer, except in light, elegant comedy, such as Rosina in "*Il Barbieri*" and the like. Those who have heard her in her prime have described her voice to us as a high *soprano*, with no great volume or power, but sweet, very flexible, and neatly and nicely cultivated. She was fair, and quite an English-looking person, very unaffected and simple in her manners, both on the stage and off.

She did not remain long on the stage, but married a Prussian nobleman, Count Rossi; and afterwards shone as ambassadress at the Court of Russia. One evening, six or seven years ago, we were listening, for the first time, to Auber and Scribe's pretty little opera of "*L'Ambassadrice*," as sung at the Chestnut by the French *troupe*, with Calvé as *prima donna;* a clever acquaintance who sat

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beside us told us that the story of this opera was founded on M'lle. Sontag; we little thought then that, like the ambassadress of the opera, *Madame le Comtesse* would leave her social position to resume if possible her former throne in the kingdom of song. In the pretty fiction of the drama, *Madame L'Ambassadrice's* poor wounded heart drives her back to the stage; in the real history of the Prussian *prima donna*, it is the poor wounded fortunes of her husband that compel her to resume her profession. Since her marriage, though only a few years have passed, strange things have happened; kingdoms have been shaken, thrones upturned, crowns toppling, and some toppled off; and behold *Madame L'Ambassadrice's* social grandeur gone, and now, in her autumn, she returns to demand the crown bestowed upon her in her youth;—in those bright days the Berlinese youths crowned her with roses and amaranths. If some of the foreign critics are to be believed, though time may have touched the roses, the amaranths are still unfaded.

The foreign journals give different accounts of the present state of her voice; but a notice we have met with in a late number of that interesting and useful paper, "Saroni's Musical Times," purporting to have been written by one who has lately heard her, speaks in the most flattering manner of her. This notice says that her voice is pretty well preserved—the lower notes may have lost a little of their original fullness, but the higher notes are still round, clear and beautiful. Her voice is remarkable as ever for flexibility, and she still excels in that marvellous *vocaliza-*

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tion which Catalini and herself made use of in the place of dramatic talent.

And now we come to the beautiful, ill-fated Malibran, cut off in the fullness of fame, youth and loveliness. Of this great singer's appearance in this country much has already been said and written. After her return to Europe in 1829, she rose rapidly to distinction. Like Pasta, this great singer made a first appearance in Europe when quite a girl; four years before the *début* of 1829, after her return from America. She was the daughter of the great tenor singer, Garcia, who introduced the music of Rossini into England nearly twenty years before, in 1811. He was the first *Count Almaviva* on the stage of the English opera-house—*Il Barbiere*, the first of Rossini's opera represented in England, being brought out for his début in London.

Garcia, though an excellent teacher for his fair daughter, was a harsh man, and valued the musical talent his children possessed almost more than he did them. We have heard an amusing story told, which will, if true, prove this. When they were coming to this country in 1825, during the voyage young Garcia, Malibran's brother, then a lad, took a fancy to clamber up the ropes, imitating the sailors. Though destined by nature to be a fine musician, he was not intended for a sailor; and the truth of the old adage, "*Stick to your trade*," was taught him in as harsh and unceremonious a manner as his father gave his lessons; for one day he lost his foothold when aloft, and fell flat on the deck. The fall stunned him, and for a while it was feared

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it would cause his death. The passengers expected to see a fatherly instinct, at least, display itself in the old man; indeed, they were quite prepared to excuse any violent or even exaggerated outburst of grief as a demonstration of parental affection; but to the infinite merriment of some, and the surprise and disgust of others, old Garcia paced up and down the deck while others were applying restoratives to the poor lad; and wringing his hands and tearing his hair, he exclaimed—

"If the young rascal ever gets over this I will beat him—yes, I will beat him well. What right has he to ruin the best tenor voice in the world?"

The lad recovered, and not only lived to receive the promised beating, but many others we suppose, for he became a distinguished musician, and very famous himself as a trainer of prima donnas. He is "the Garcia" so many singers name as their maestro, and was the master of Mlle. Lind.

Though Madame Malibran was not considered equal to the peerless Pasta as an actress, her beautiful voice, pure style, and lovely person made amends; she was, however, far superior to Sontag as a dramatic singer, and excelled particularly in tender characters. Her *Amina* in Bellini's touching opera, La Somnambula, we have heard spoken of by those who saw her in it, as an exquisite and delicate piece of acting; and an Italian singer and maestro of reputation, and whose opinion is of value, places her execution of the opening *scena* in Norma next to Pasta's.

This lovely and distinguished vocalist died in 1836, so

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suddenly as to excite the most cruel and fearful suspicions. Time enough has elapsed to clear the mystery, and this great rectifier of those errors that arise from mere prejudice and excitement, has completely exonerated the bridegroom-husband from blame. We believe it is quite established now that Madame Malibran's death resulted from over-exertion. In the fall of 1836, she went to Manchester, England, to fulfil an engagement made for one of the great musical festivals there. She had always been remarkable for her great powers of endurance, apparently never suffering from fatigue or exhaustion; ready to sing day or night without excuse—never sparing herself. Her habits of constant exercise in the open air, both on horseback and on foot, enabled her to bear a great deal more than most women, more at least than the tender, delicate women of our country; but the accounts that have been given us of her exertions, especially during the week preceding her death, make us wonder that any one should have felt surprise at her sudden death; had she lived over such fatigue, then astonishment might have been expressed. On the evening before her first day's performance at the festival, two evenings before she died, though in delicate health, it is said she sang no less than fourteen difficult pieces in her own parlor at the hotel to her Italian friends. The last day of her life she fainted repeatedly, but would persist in singing, though her husband earnestly entreated her to be prudent—she seemed determined to test her powers to the utmost. So she continued for two days struggling against illness. On the night of the 14th of September, 1836, she

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sang her last piece in life. It was a duet with Madame Caradori Allan, from Mercadante's Andronica "*Vanne se albergi in petto.*" She was *encored*, and she roused herself with a terrible effort to repeat the duet. An English writer, who was present at the time, said her fearful shake, at the top of her voice, when repeating this duet, will never be forgotten by those who heard it. The *encore* was received with cheers from the audience, who little thought it was the death-song of the swan; for while handkerchiefs were waving, and the crowd applauding, the beautiful young singer was dying. She fell back exhausted, immediately after the last note of the duet had passed her lips, and poor Malibran's earthly part was over. She died that night! Young, beautiful and beloved—for only a few months before she had become a bride for the second time; and as her first marriage had been one of convenience, arranged by her father, and for his own interest, her second was one of love, arranged by her own heart. In the summer of 1836, just a few short months preceding her death, she had married the celebrated violinist De Beriot. Fifteen years have passed since this sad event, but the very names of Garcia and Malibran de Beriot, her maiden and wedded names, sound as synonymes for all that is beautiful and gifted. Malibran will never be forgotten. She was a great actress, even in Pasta's time, and a great singer, even in the days of Sontag's instrumental triumphs.

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Mc Rae

Pleasant to look upon

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A HOUSE

THANKS to the ... It is, indeed ... and good ... in the midst of a ... and cries ... rounded by ... heart ... its ... Children ... the country ... with children ... world: I ... many years ago ... and ... and the cheerful ... Mirkwind. With ... gathered the ... ought a home ... sick impulses ... ems, almost as ... of a rural ... aried aspects ... range. To ... ng before he ... Two ...

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A PICTURE PLEASANT TO LOOK UPON.

THANKS to the skillful artist for a sweet picture like this! It is, indeed, pleasant to look upon—pleasant to the eye, and good for the spirit. If there is a heaven below, it is in the midst of a loving household, far removed from the jar and crime, and active selfishness of a great city, and surrounded by nature in her beautiful aspects. Ah, how the heart yearns for such a Paradise! and when we look upon its lovely ideal, how it warms and leaps in the bosom.

Children in the pent-up, hard, harsh city, and children in the country—how different in every degree! And as it is with children, so it is with us who have grown older in the world: I have learned some of its hard lessons. Not many years ago, the writer of this found himself, after a long and severe struggle, "thrown to the wall in business," and the cherished hopes of many years scattered as by a whirlwind. With health impaired and spirits crushed, he gathered the members of his household around him, and sought a home in the country. Never can be forgot the quick impulses of a new life that went throbbing along his veins, almost as soon as he found himself in the free pure air of a rural district, and surrounded by nature in all her varied aspects. Soon, body and mind acknowledged the change. To each health slowly came back, and it was not long before he felt himself a new man. Two or three years

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glided pleasantly by, and are now referred to as the happiest of his life. Then, with renewed physical and mental ability he went back, at duty's call, to the city, prepared for a fresh, and, we trust, a more successful struggle in the world of business. It was the country that saved him—mind and body—that he verily believes.

A blessing, then, on the country! And let all who can remove from the city, go out amid its mountains, rivers and fields, and thank God for the great privilege. A.

BY-GONES.

"LET by-gones be by-gones,"—they foolishly say,
And bid me be wise and forget them;
But old recollections are active to-day,
And I can do nought but regret them:
Though the present be pleasant, all joyous and gay,
And promising well for the morrow,
I love to look back on the years past away,
Embalming my by-gones in sorrow.

If the morning of life has a mantle of gray,
Its noon will be blither and brighter;
If March has its storms, there is sunshine in May,
And light out of darkness is lighter:
Thus the present is pleasant, a cheerful to-day,
With a wiser, a soberer gladness—
Because it is tinged with the mellowing ray,
Of a yesterday's sunset of sadness.

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PALO ALTO.

A BALLAD OF THE RIO GRANDE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Rio Grande! noble river! though before unknown to fame,
Thou hast won for after ages wide renown and lofty name;
For not distant from thy margin, Palo Alto's bloody plain,
And Resaca de la Palma, tell of triumph and of pain:
There our heroes, few in number, chased, in shameful overthrow,
Thousands of the chosen soldiers of the vaunting Mexico.

'Twas in May that noble Taylor, at the Point of Isabel,
Towards distant Matamoras heard the cannon's booming swell;
And the faithful 'scorting parties, spurring hotly campward, said,
That Arista had his forces o'er the Rio Grande led—
That the road to Matamoras arms and banners glittered o'er,
And our fortress was in danger by the Rio Grande's shore.

When was heard the stirring tidings, shouts arose to heaven's arch,
And two thousand dauntless soldiers soon prepared them for the march:
Twiggs was there, and skilful Ringgold, and the wild and fiery May,
Ridgely, Duncan,—were there ever braver, truer hearts than they?
Many another fearless spirit well that small array could boast,—
Most of all, the noble Taylor, leading hero of the host.

On the fair but sultry morning of the glorious Eighth of May,
Which to patriot-hearts must ever be a bright, triumphant day,
That heroic army entered Palo Alto's prairie wide,
And beheld their foemen's banners flaunting on the farther side:
'Gainst the wood, in heavy masses, hung the footmen's cloud of war,
And the lances of the horsemen gleamed across the plain afar.

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Soon the lightning, and the thunder, and the mighty battle-blast,
Came from out that cloud of tempest, by the death-bolts followed fast.
To his infantry said Taylor, "Lie upon your faces low,
That the shot may pass above you from the cannon of the foe:
Forward, Duncan! with your battery, and their rightward wing assail;
Ringgold! on their leftward masses pour your storm of iron hail!"

Onward rushed the light artillery—right and left they fired amain;
From the smoke-cloud of the cannon, fiery torrents swept the plain.
'Mid the cannon's fearful havoc, through the burning prairie's flame,
From the foemen's line of battle, full a thousand horsemen came;
With their banners fluttering gaily, and their lances flashing bright,
Gallantly those daring horsemen charged upon our farthest right.

But the Third and Fourth, undaunted, met that furious onset well,
And before a single volley many valiant riders fell;
And the light artillery speeding, hurled its death-shots thick and fast—
Men and horses, crushed in masses, fell before that deadly blast;
And the remnant of the squadron, wheeling, fled across the plain,
Leaving in their gory pathway heaps of wounded and of slain.

Though had fallen gallant Ringgold (long shall Fame his praises sound!)
Ridgely led his flying battery swiftly o'er the bloody ground;
And, before the foe unlimbering, fast he mowed them, rank by rank;
While the rapid Duncan bravely charged their right upon the flank.
Who could stand that dreadful tempest? Proud Arista fled the plain;
And the sunset smiled, unconscious, on the living and the slain.

Gentle eve, as if in pity, dewy tear-drops softly shed,
And the zephyrs, lowly sighing, breathed a requiem o'er the dead:
Bitter tears and sadder sighing human hearts were yet to yield,
When was told the fearful conflict fought on Palo Alto's field.
Honor crowns the dauntless victor—Fame afar his praises speaks,
And we think not, 'mid the glory, of the hearts its winning breaks.

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THE WIDOW.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

"Her eye had lost is glancing fire,
Her cheek the glow of young desire,
And she gazed on the home of her tender years
With a look too cold for smiles or tears,
But a look that told how her youth had flown,
And how she was left in her grief alone."

In a corner of an humble stage-coach sits a pale woman in widow's weeds. She is returning, after ten years of married life, to the home of her childhood, alone. She does not weep; that is past. She is not heart-broken, for like many another, she has loved an Ideal and found after marriage that her husband was quite another being. Yet she is sorrowful, for she feels alone. She has now no strong arm on which to lean, no ready monitor to consult, no willing recipient of her cares and thoughts and labors. She has also parted with other possessions. Her youth has glided away like a dream, and the maiden of twenty returns a staid matron of thirty. Her beauty too is changed, and she is aware of it. She has consulted her mirror and sees therein but a pale shadow of her former self, and she has become that treasure in private life, a woman reconciled to being plain. None but one of the sex can tell with what

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reluctance they shake hands with departing charms, yet when the struggle is past, the cares that once centred in self become diffused in a wider circle, and the graces of character and expression take the place of those of form and color.

And now the coach rapidly conveyed our widow among old familiar scenes. Every turn awoke some pleasant memory, and though for years an orphan and the protegé of an aunt, she had no parents to welcome her, yet she remembered her cousins and many other friendly faces that she might soon hope to meet. Neither last nor least was the young Dr. Edward Hall, whom she left proud of his recent diploma and his youthful beauty, and a little weary of his somewhat older and plainer wife. She smiled and sighed as she recalled the thin, anxious face of poor Mrs. Hall, who idolized her husband, and yet never seemed to know how to make him happy, and our widow blushed a little as she remembered that the Doctor had been thought to envy her departed companion. "Poor Clarke," she murmured mentally, "his faults were the result of his temperament, and perfectly involuntary, while his virtues none knew better than myself, or would more readily honor. Peace to his ashes!"

Still onward rolls the coach, and now the lively little village meets the eye, and up a well-known lane stands the same little white house amid its bowering trees. Alighting at the door, she is greeted by her two cousins, Walter and Harriet, scarce a shade upon whose glad faces speaks of the ten years that have glided past since she last parted

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with them on the day of her marriage. She is kissed and welcomed, and ushered to the parlor, where a new surprise awaits her, for there, in the untouched pride of his youthful beauty, stands the graceful figure of Dr. Hall. Again, as of old, she meets the warm and cordial grasp of his friendly hand, but turning to a young and beautiful creature at his side, he says—

"Allow me to present to you Mrs. Hall. Mary, you have often heard me speak of Fanny Hastings, now Mrs. Clarke."

"Oh, very often," answered the young wife. "So much so that I feel quite acquainted already;" and she gave her hand to the stranger with all the frankness of an innocent confiding nature.

After a short stay, the Doctor and his lady, whose presence on the occasion was a happy accident only, took their leave; and in a brief space thereafter cousin Harriet was obliged to answer the eager inquiry.

"How is it that I meet this young beauty as Mrs. Hall? I never heard of the former lady's death."

"Is it possible? It is more than a year since she died, but she had been for many years a changed woman. You know she always distrusted her ability to please him, and the feeling ripened into absolute jealousy, and so grew upon her that she became a perfect monomaniac, and wore herself to a mere shadow. So insane was she with regard to him, that after one of her paroxysms he was found to be cruelly poisoned, and she accused herself in her remorse of having done it. He very nearly lost his life, but seemed

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only anxious to keep her from exposing herself, and after his recovery bore every thing with the patience of a martyr. He even seemed to mourn her death, but consoled himself a few months ago by marrying the sweetest girl in the village."

A dozen little histories of others followed this brief explanation, and after an evening of brisk conversation, our widowed heroine retired to rest, with a thousand old dormant feelings roused to life by this return to the scenes of her early years. Nor were they soon to sleep again, for as days went by, she found agreeable employment in renewing long-sundered ties, and welcoming familiar faces. Yet no friend seemed so little changed, or recalled her early feelings with such vivid freshness as Dr. Hall. Scarcely a day passed without her either meeting him or receiving some token of his friendship, and his young wife vied with him in bestowing a thousand kind attentions. The Doctor had a fine garden, and was an enthusiastic cultivator both of flowers and fruit, and many a choice bouquet was left at cousin Harriet's door, directed, in the prettiest crow-quill, "to Fanny Hastings Clarke." The recipient of these favors grew daily more animated and cheerful. The bloom returned to her cheek and the light to her eyes. But was she happy? Not exactly. She was annoyed by a restlessness unusual to her—a craving for perpetual excitement. Strange thoughts, too, sometimes entered her mind, and were expelled with difficulty. It was a precious gift, this newly-revived friendship of Edward Hall; but if such was friendship, how cold in comparison seemed the wedded love

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that she had known. Yet he, too, was wedded, and seemed very fond of his present companion; and even if he had been fickle, would he have turned from that beautiful girl to admire a faded widow? Impossible! absurd! His was but the overflowing of a heart full of generous emotions, and if he was kinder to her than others, it was in sympathy with her somewhat lonely condition. So she put away all vile suspicions, and rode, and walked, and visited with the Doctor and his lady, and soon learned to love the latter very sincerely. Mary Hall was an innocent, confiding child,—not very profound, it is true, and without half the depth of feeling and force of character that belonged to her new-found friend; yet she seemed to reverence what she did not understand, and her sweetness was irresistible.

The long summer days gave place to the riper charms of autumn, and Mrs. Clarke accepted an invitation to join Mrs. Hall in a visit to a mutual friend a few miles distant, whose garden was famous for its peaches. The morning proved delightful; but, to her surprise, the Doctor called without his wife. In answer to her inquiries, he said that Mary was ill with a severe headache, but his own visit was partly professional, and could not be deferred; and he added, "Mary says, 'Tell Fanny not to lose so beautiful a day. I will go another time.'"

So Fanny seated herself beside the Doctor in his elegant barouche, and was soon listening to the low tones of one of the sweetest of masculine voices. He told her confidentially that he was about leaving the village to settle in a distant locality. She looked up in pained surprise.

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"What an idea!" she exclaimed; "I don't know any other physician, and have no wish to do so. If I am ill, I shall certainly send for you."

Her eyes met his, and she started as if a serpent stung her. *Was* it a serpent that was looking out of those beautiful orbs, and that seemed to say mockingly, "Ah, Fanny, you have betrayed yourself?"

It was but for a moment, and ere the indignant flush had faded from her cheeks, he had resumed his usual manner of respectful interest, and diverted her feelings from their new channel by a long detail of the slanders that had been privately circulated against him, and that had materially injured his once extensive practice. Something of this she had heard before, though very slightly, and in the novelty of his statements she half forgot the shock she had received. Yet she made her visit as brief as possible, and on her return begged the Doctor to take the nearest road to his own home. After spending an hour with Mrs. Hall, who still suffered from her headache, she returned on foot to her cousin's, and found lying upon her table a visiting-card, without a name, but bearing in pencil the following lines:

Oh, lady! if the past were pain,
Hope to the future clings:
Let no unlicensed hand profane
Thy lone heart's quivering strings.

The first impulse was one of indignation at the suspicion implied; the next prompted her to seat herself, and, veiling her eyes with her hand, open her heart to the severest self-

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scrutiny. *Was* a dark truth lurking in those lines? *Had* a strange hand been playing with her heart-strings?—a hand beautiful, and warm, and open, but not hers—twice wedded to another? The result of her researches was more favorable than she had feared. She had prized the friendship of Edward Hall as an unexpected blessing; she had been fascinated by his many brilliant qualities; but she possessed an instinctive integrity that shuddered at the approach of guilt, and that would strip temptation of its borrowed lustre, and expose the hideousness beneath. She felt that vice has no real beauty; that its seductive power depends entirely upon the hues with which imagination chooses to invest it. She said mentally as she rose, "Should the friend I have trusted prove a designing enemy, I would shun him as I would a viper."

She then went to inquire who had left the card upon her table. Her cousins were abroad, but the maid said a lady had called whom she believed to be Mrs. Jones, and that she waited some time for Mrs. Clarke's return. Mrs. Jones was a lady with whom the family had formerly been intimate, but from whom they had been for years estranged. The causes of this estrangement were but slightly known to Fanny, and she resolved on the morrow to call upon Mrs. Jones, and ascertain her motive for leaving so strange an inscription. The next morning she mentioned her intention to her cousins, who seemed somewhat surprised, but offered no objection. So she went to visit Mrs. Jones. The lady was at home, and welcomed her as an old friend. She regretted that she had not met her previously since her

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return, and readily admitted having called and left the card in question.

"But what put such an odd fancy in your head?" asked Mrs. Clarke.

"Why, Fanny dear! excuse the freedom, but I really thought you stood in need of warning. I often hear of your being out walking or riding with Dr. Hall."

"And his lady," suggested Fanny.

"Certainly, with both of them. Now, during your absence the Doctor led a dissolute life, and there are few that think his recent marriage has thoroughly reformed him. He is a marked man, and no lady who regards her reputation will be often seen in his company. I knew your cousins to be among his warmest friends, and believed you to be ignorant of the facts I have now stated. I have loved Fanny Hastings too well to see her the victim of a deceiver."

"But are you not yourself deceived, Mrs. Jones? I acknowledge a deep interest in Edward Hall. I consider him one of my best friends, and his conduct, so far as I know, has been irreproachable. His young wife seems to confide in him perfectly, and to be contented and happy."

"You are right there, Fanny. Mrs. Hall is one of the most guileless and unsuspecting of creatures, else she would never have formed such an imprudent connexion. But my heart bleeds to think what cruel disappointments may yet be hers, especially if they leave this place to live among strangers, as I understand they intend. You knew the former Mrs. Hall?"

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"Yes, and I understand she died a martyr to her uneasy, suspicious temper."

"She died here," returned Mrs. Jones, wiping her eyes, "and a martyr, as you observe, but not to her own faults or follies. For the last two years they boarded with us, and I too felt a deep interest in Edward Hall, until I came to know him intimately. I then learned 'what a goodly outside falsehood hath.' To his friends he would appear the most amiable of men; to her he was an unfeeling tyrant. One warm summer afternoon I was startled by hearing their bell ring violently. I knew Mrs. Hall had been slightly ill, and fearing she was worse I went directly to her room. The Doctor was lying on a couch, pale as death, and covered with perspiration. His wife seized my arm. 'Look there!' she exclaimed, 'he is dying, and I have killed him! For an hour he has vomited incessantly, and would not let me call any one.' 'But what have you done?' I eagerly inquired. 'Only changed a tumbler,' she replied, and then burst into tears. I never saw any one so agitated. Observing that her husband was striving to speak, I went to him. 'It is nothing,' he murmured faintly. 'A sick head-ache, nothing more. She blames herself without cause. Try to quiet her, Mrs. Jones. Don't let her talk; it worries me. And call no one in; I shall soon be better.' I obeyed him so far as to endeavor to soothe Mrs. Hall, but I sent for your cousins, who came in immediately. It is my belief that he came near dying, but when he seemed out of danger I led Mrs. Hall aside, and with much difficulty drew from her an explanation. She had

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been ailing, and her husband prescribed a white powder that sickened her so much that she was averse to taking it. The day being warm, he prepared some lemonade, and she fancied she saw in her tumbler a sediment resembling the medicine she so much disliked. With a feeling of loathing she set down the glass quickly, and then as he turned and asked her sharply why she did not drink it, she hastily raised, not her own glass but his, to her lips, and drank the contents. The exchange of tumblers was purely accidental, and she thought little of it until he drank the draught intended for herself, and very soon became fearfully sick. For an hour he forbade her to call any assistance, but took medicine repeatedly though without relief. She charged me solemnly to reveal these facts to no one while she lived, and since her death I have had no motive for mentioning them until now. But from that hour I lost the friendship of the Doctor and that of your cousins in consequence."

"You have told me a fearful tale, Mrs. Jones," returned Fanny, as she rose to go, "but one should hesitate long before yielding credence to anything so dreadful."

Mrs. Jones took the hand of her friend, and said in a tone of serious kindness,

"I do not ask you, dear Fanny, to believe my word implicitly. But watch with untiring scrutiny the conduct of Edward Hall. If he is what I deem him he will not always be able to hide the cloven foot."

Fanny shuddered and turned pale. She remembered the gleam that but yesterday flashed from those beautiful eyes,

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and she retraced her steps homeward with a sinking heart. Harriet met her, all smiles and animation.

"How long you have been gone!" she exclaimed. "You don't know how much you have lost. Just look at that tempting basket on the centre-table. Did you ever see such magnificent fruit? I shall not tell you who said to me, 'Give that to Fanny Hastings.'"

Mrs. Clarke took a beautiful plum from the basket, and on tasting it turned quickly to her cousin and said, "See, it had a fair outside, but there was a worm at the heart. Does it not resemble the giver?" and she looked earnestly at Harriet as she spoke. The lady bore her scrutiny for a moment in grave surprise, and then smiling sarcastically, said—

"I see how it is. Mrs. Jones has been poisoning your mind; but I thought you had more stability than to waver before the first breath of slander. That woman has been for years a bitter enemy to Dr. Hall."

Our widow colored deeply at the implied censure, for she was not quite sure it was undeserved. Indeed the more she reflected the more she was puzzled. She was not disposed hastily to sacrifice one friend to what might be the prejudices of another. Besides, she might be mistaken in Mrs. Jones. True, she appeared friendly and sincere, but so also did Dr. Hall, and the latter possessed many qualities not supposed to be congenial to depraved minds. His manners were usually gentle and respectful, almost to diffidence, and he was scrupulously correct in his language. He never read works of imagination. Were darker pages unfolded

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in his own heart than any in the volumes of De Balzac or Sue? Whence then his delight in innocent pleasures? He was a lover of rural embellishments. He was also very fond of children, and a decided favorite with the little people of the village; and if you asked a curly-headed prattler what friend he loved most dearly, the answer was not always mamma or sister; quite as often the roguish lisper would tell you "Doctor Hall." Would a dissolute being have found the way to their young and innocent hearts? Would he have even wished to do so? Over these suggestions she pondered through many lonely hours, for it was some days before she again saw the friend in question. She then met him at a small party, where he seemed unusually silent and thoughtful. At length he found an opportunity to speak to her unobserved, and said—

"I understand you have been to call on Mrs. Jones. I suppose she gave you her views with regard to me."

"Something was said upon the subject," replied Mrs. Clarke.

"Mrs. Jones is one of the kind friends that make it expedient for me to leave this place," returned the Doctor, smiling. "As regards the reports she circulates, I have nothing to say. If people wish to believe them, they are at liberty to do so. But I hardly expected it of you, Fanny."

"If none believe her statements but those who wish to do so, I shall be always incredulous," replied the lady, and the gentleman seemed very well satisfied with her answer, for he soon recovered his good spirits, and became unusually brilliant and agreeable. From that time their intimacy

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continued with no apparent interruption, but Mrs. Clarke watched the deportment of her friend with involuntary yet sleepless vigilance.

One bright moonlight evening she was returning from a visit to an acquaintance, and walking hastily, as it was rather late. She heard the sound of approaching footsteps behind her, and her heart throbbed with an undefined feeling; but determined not to be overtaken, she quickened her pace until it became quite as rapid as propriety would warrant. Still nearer came the sounds of those pursuing steps, that seemed the very echo of her own, until at length a white hand touched her arm, and a familiar voice said "Good evening, Fanny Hastings!" She was of course startled for a moment, nor was she at all re-assured when those well-known features met her gaze, for again that demon look shone from the eyes fixed boldly on her face. It seemed to say, "You know my footsteps perfectly well. You need not affect to be shy!" With an instinctive shudder Mrs. Clarke drew back, and answered coldly, "I am in haste, Dr. Hall. Excuse me to-night if you please;" and with a speed that surprised herself she pursued her course, and reached home breathless and exhausted. Retiring immediately, she did not allow herself to reflect, lest she should be guilty of injustice. She was afraid of being misled by a very active imagination, but suspense was painful, and she resolved that it should not continue. She had an invalid aunt who lived a few miles distant, in whose judgment and penetration she had great confidence. She had long neglected to visit her, but she now determined to do so

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on the morrow, and refer her doubts to her superior wisdom. The next morning proved fine, but Harriet was engaged for the day, and strove, as she had often previously done, to iuduce her cousin to defer her visit until they should both be at liberty. Yet Fanny peristed in going alone, and was cordially welcomed by Aunt Margaret.

"You could not bring Harriet with you," she said, smiling. "She does not visit me often since she has become such a champion of Dr. Hall."

"Is that the reason? I thought she did not seem desirous to come; and it seems, then, you do not like the Doctor's character."

"I have known Edward Hall from a boy," replied Aunt Margaret, "and I know that he has many delightful gifts, but no moral integrity. He has for years led a bad life, and even of late I am told he often leaves his child-like wife to associate with a more spirited and agreeable widow."

"If you mean me, aunt, you are unjust, for my intimacy has been with both; and yet one purpose of my visit to-day was to obtain your opinion and relieve my mind of many painful doubts."

She then related what she had heard through Mrs. Jones, adding that she had once or twice seen something in the deportment of her friend that she could not account for agreeably.

"Mrs. Jones has told you no more than the truth," replied Aunt Margaret, "except as regards the poison. Of that I never heard before, and let us hope that in this instance an excited imagination in both ladies led them to

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do the Doctor unintentional injustice. He has enough guilt to bear without that imputation, and I never thought him deliberately cruel. Culpably selfish we must allow him to be, but even that was not his natural disposition. He married very young, hastily and unsuitably, and he was not long in discovering the fact. Reared among severe and bigoted sectarians, he naturally rushed to the opposite extreme, and became sceptical as regards religion. His moral principles wavered, and his warm feelings led him into imprudent attachments, and from thence his descent was easy to his present unenviable position. You, dear Fanny, must no longer blend your name with his, and yet I will agree with you that 'a fairer spirit lost not Heaven.'"

This conversation with her aunt decided the course of Mrs. Clarke. She returned home determined to observe a cold distance towards her former friend, and the task proved much easier than she had feared, for, to her sur-surprise, he seemed intuitively to perceive her altered views, and no longer sought her society. She had only to meet the silent conflict in her own heart, and the painful severance of the ties that bound her to her fascinating companion. But from the past she failed not to derive a lesson; not that all men are radically bad, but that the want of uprightness will make the most brilliantly-gifted character only a splendid ruin.

On the day of Edward Hall's removal from the village, a slight figure in black might have been seen bending over a writing-desk, and inscribing in trembling characters the thick-coming emotions of her heart. If we venture to look

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over her shoulder, we shall perhaps read something like the following lines, with which we will close this "ower true tale":—

Oh bright and beautiful and brave,
Tinged with romance's sunny hue!
How wearily the heart must crave
To deem thee true!

There was a witching in thine eye,
A magic in thy thrilling tone,
A charm no rival lip could try,
'Twas all thine own!

Yet all thy precious gifts are vain;
A voice in Memory's pictured halls
Re-echoes still in tones of pain
That thou art false.

Thou bright and beautiful, and base!
A halo gilds our parting day:
I could not ask that form of grace
Longer to stay.

Yet drink not to its worthless dregs
A cup whose sweetness must be brief:
One boon for thee my spirit begs,
Repentant grief.

And when thy tears remorseful flow,
Then, only then, the cowering dove
That nestles in this heart can know
Fraternal love.

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THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

HENRY GREEN was a reformed man. He had been a most abandoned drunkard, and, in the years of his sad decadence, had shamefully wronged and abused his family. But, in a lucid moment, he perceived, with startling distinctness, the precipice, upon the very brink of which he was standing, and started back therefrom.

For his suffering wife and children, the waste places became green again, and the desert blossomed as the rose. After a long, long night of weeping, the sun came forth, and his smile brought light and gladness to their spirits. The husband and father was a man once more with the heart of a man. He turned no longer away from them in debasing self-indulgence, but toward them in thoughtful affection.

How quickly is perceived a change for the better in everything appertaining to the inebriate's family, when the head of it abandons his sin and folly, and returns to his affection and duty! All this change was apparent in the family of Henry Green. They had suffered even to the deprivation of every comfort; but of these one and another were now restored, until every part of their humble dwelling seemed to smile again. How happy they were!

And yet, the wife of the reformed man often felt a sense

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of insecurity. She understood too well that, for her husband, temptation lurked at every point. How often did she await his return home, as evening approached, with trembling anxiety, and mark, while yet afar off, his steps, to see if they were firmly taken!

It was early in the fall of the year when Henry Green took the pledge. Through the winter he had worked industriously, and, as he could earn good wages, his income had given them, as just mentioned, very many comforts. He had not been much tempted of his old appetite during the cold weather, nor did he feel its active return at the opening spring. But, with the fervent heat of summer, the slumbering desire awoke.

Active bodily labor produced free perspiration. Frequent thirst was the consequence; and, whenever this was felt, the thoughts of the reformed man dwelt upon the pleasure a cool glass of some mixed liquor would give. With an effort, and often with fear at his heart, would he thrust aside the alluring images drawn by his truant imagination. And yet, they would ever and anon return: and there were times when he was tempted almost beyond his strength.

Green was a carpenter. Early in the spring, a gentleman offered him a good contract for putting up two or three frame buildings, which he gladly accepted; and, as the lot upon which his house stood was large, he erected a shop thereon.

More cheerfully and hopefully than ever did the reformed man now work. He saw a clearer light ahead. He would,

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ere long, recover all he had lost, and even get beyond the point of prosperity from which he had fallen.

Time wore on. Spring passed and the summer opened. July came in with intensely hot weather. Already had Henry Green felt the cravings of his awakening appetite, and it required strong efforts at self-denial to refrain from indulgence.

About eleven o'clock one day—it was a hotter day than usual—Green's thoughts were dwelling, as was now too often the case, upon the "refreshing glass," once so keenly enjoyed. A little way from his shop, though not in view, was a tavern, the bar-room of which memory was picturing to the eyes of his mind with tempting distinctness. He had often been there in times past—often drank there until thought and feeling were lost. He saw, in imagination, the rows of alluring decanters, with their many-colored liquors; he heard the cold ice as it rattled in the glasses; he almost felt the cooling beverage upon his lips. So absorbed did he at length become, that he paused in his work, and leaned over his bench, his eyes half closed, like one in a dreamy reverie.

It was a moment upon which his future, for good or for evil, hung, trembling in an even balance that a hair might turn.

For as long a time as five minutes did Henry Green stand leaning over his work-bench, a picture of the neighboring bar-room distinctly before his mind, while he was conscious of an intense thirst—that it seemed as if nothing but a glass of mixed and iced liquor could possibly assuage.

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With a deeply-drawn breath he at length raised himself, the struggle that was going on in his mind more than half decided in favor of self-indulgence.

"Papa!" spoke a low, familiar voice by his side.

Green started and turned suddenly. A child not over four years old stood by him—a fair child, with a countenance full of innocence and affection. She held a tin cup in both her little hands.

"Have a drink of cool water, papa!"

"Yes, dear," replied the father, in a low voice that was unsteady from the rush of a sudden emotion, and he caught the cup from the child's hands, and, raising it to his lips, drank it eagerly.

Instantly the picture of the bar-room, with all its allurements, faded from the mind of Green. He was a man again, in the integrity of a firm purpose. His child, led to him by the hand of a good Providence, had saved him. The cup of cold water had fully assuaged the violence of his burning thirst, and he was no longer under temptation.

"Thank you, dear!" he murmured, as he lifted his child in his arms, and kissed her tenderly.

"Shall I bring you another cool drink after awhile?" asked the little one, as she pressed her father's cheeks with both her hands.

"Did any one tell you to bring me the cup of water?" asked Mr. Green.

"No, sir. But I thought you would like a cool drink," innocently replied the child.

"Yes, dear, bring me another drink after awhile."

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Then kissing the little angel who had been the means of saving him when about to fall into temptation, he replaced her upon the ground, and once more turned to his work; and as he bent his body in labor, he mused thus—

"I did not think of the water when I felt that intense desire for a glass of liquor—it did not seem to be what I wanted. But, the cooling draught sent me (by Heaven, I will say,) so opportunely, has quenched the morbid appetite, and I feel it no longer. Water, pure, health-giving water, you are all I need to give entire strength to my good resolutions! When the old desire comes again, I will drown it in clear, cold water. I feel safer now. There is a medicine for the inebriate's craving appetite, and it is—WATER. Freely will I use it! THANK GOD FOR WATER!"

Yes, water is the medicine that cures the sickly craving for strong drink. Let the reformed man keep this ever in his thoughts, and, the moment he feels the old desire, drown it, as did Henry Green, in pure cold water. Let him do this, and he is safe. He should watch the beginnings of thirst, and be quick to allay the uneasy sensation, lest he fall unawares into danger.

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THE RETAILER'S DREAM.

An elderly gentleman was sitting, one afternoon, before his fire, in his little store, which, small as it was, was the principal one in the village. On one side a long counter extended itself, behind which were arranged the various commodities essential to make up the assortment of a country store. Strings of buttons, and bunches of tape, and faded handkerchiefs, hung at the windows; near it, the shelves were occupied with boxes covered with fancy-colored paper, and full of fancy-colored things. Next came cambrics, and calicoes, and ginghams, carefully folded above, with boxes of raisins, and figs, and almonds below. Then glass and crockery ware, from a long row of mugs on the uppermost shelf, down to the dinner-set of a dozen pieces, which filled the lowest. There was a row of painted puncheons next, arranged in very neat order, and with spigots at the bottom of each. Their contents were marked upon them in painted letters, and the row was terminated by a tin cylinder, near the fire, as if to keep the contents of it warm. The fireplace was in a back corner beyond. The whole of the other side of the room was occupied with boxes and bales and barrels, leaving a narrow passage-way along the counter to the snug little corner in the rear.

It was after dinner, and as there were no customers in, the proprietor of this establishment was sitting in an old

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worn-out elbow-chair, with his feet on a wooden block before the fire, or rather before an immense bed of ashes, on which a few brands were slowly burning. He was reading a religious newspaper, for he was a very decided Christian—*i. e.*, we mean a very active professor of religion. What the precise subject of the article he was reading was, we have no means of ascertaining. In a few minutes, however, he stopped, and laid the hand containing the paper on the arm of his chair, the paper itself hanging down towards the floor. He seemed for a few moments lost in thought, moving his lips, however, and nodding his head, as if reasoning with some one. Presently he began to talk more audibly, and his words were as follows :—

"I am sorry, but then I am not to blame; the people around here will have it, whether I supply them or not. If I could prevent their getting it, it would be another thing: but they *will* use the article; and if I do not supply them, they will go to somebody who will;—so that refusing to sell will not make the least difference.

"Then, again, my supplying them need not do any harm; it is all their abuse of it afterwards. I am as great a foe to intemperance as anybody—but I am certainly not answerable for excesses which other people commit. If they would be moderate, and keep their appetites within bounds, there would be no harm done.

"Besides, I must support my family, and am commanded to increase my means of doing good. I am a steward of the Lord's, and have consecrated all my property to him, and ought to do all I can, by honest means, to add to his

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treasury: and the money had better be in my hands than with that unprincipled tavern-keeper; for I can make a better use of it."

The voice of the speaker here became inaudible again. He sat some time, looking into the fire, lost in a dream of reverie. Presently his eyes grew narrow—the paper dropped out of his hands down upon the floor—his head nodded—in short, he fell asleep.

The singing of the fire seemed to turn into the murmuring of a brook, along the banks of which he fancied he was walking. It was very early in a cool autumnal morning, and the brook flowed along a beautiful valley, with a hill rising on one side, and on the other an eminence crowned with the buildings of a magnificent city. It appeared to him precisely the pictures he had seen of Jerusalem. There was the temple, and the wall, and the gate, through which issued a road that descended the hill to the brook where he was rambling.

It was very early, scarcely day, he thought, and his attention was soon attracted by some lights and voices just entering the gate. He thought it was the armed men taking the Saviour into the city, the morning of his crucifixion. His blood ran cold at the sight. His strength failed him, his knees smote together, and he sank down on a stone, which was lying at his feet.

Presently he heard some one approaching from the hill behind him, opposite the city. The shrubbery concealed him from view at first, but soon he saw a dark figure, with something in his hand, come out from a copse, and stand

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leaning against a tree, looking very eagerly towards the city. It must be Judas Iscariot, thought the dreamer.

He soon thought he heard him talking to himself; and it is a curious circumstance, as illustrating the philosophy of dreams, that there is a very striking resemblance between the language the dreamer now heard, and that which he had himself been using. Whether this rose from any similarity between the cases, or is only an instance of that singular mixing of everything together, so common in dreams, it must be left for philosophers to decide. At any rate, he thought he heard distinctly the following words:—

"There they go;—I hope that they will not hurt him. I am sorry, but I am not to blame; they would have discovered him whether I told them who he was or not. If I could have prevented their taking him, it would have been another thing; but they were determined on it, and if I had not told them who he was, they would have gone to somebody else who would; so that my refusing would not have made any difference.

"My delivering him into their power, too, need not do any harm: it is only their abuse of their power which can do injury. I should be as much shocked if they should seriously injure him as any one can be; but I shall certainly not be answerable for any excess which they may commit. If they are moderate, and keep their passions within due bounds, there will be no harm done.

"Besides, I am bound by solemn obligation to husband all my resources, and increase my means of doing good. I am the steward, too—the Lord's steward; and the money

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had better be in my hands, than with those vile chief-priests, for I can make a better use of it."

Here the dreamer heard a ferocious yell, coming from the streets of the city, at the point where the armed men had entered. He started, for it sounded very much like a noise he had often heard at night, in a miserable dwelling in his neighborhood, occupied by one of his customers.

At this instant a "ding" was heard, produced by a bell suspended over his door, to give warning when it was opened. The sleeper aroused himself, and saw a little girl, with a ragged gown and old faded bonnet—evidently belonging to a larger head than hers—and a pale, sickly, anxious countenance. She handed a jug to the store-keeper, and said her father "wanted a pint."

We do not know anything more about this story, excepting that, a few days after this, the stage was passing by, and a passenger looking out of the window observed several men and boys about the door where some painted puncheons had just been rolled out, and the store-keeper was standing by with an ax in his hand. The passenger heard a sound as if of blows, which was followed by a gurgling noise, like rushing water, and the ground was wet for some feet around. It was noticed that there was a large barren spot there all the next summer.

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THE VALENTINE.

BY T. [illegible]

My carrier dove, dear [illegible]
I send, this day, to [illegible]
With silken cords, and [illegible]
And heart as warm as [illegible]
I would not trust the [illegible]
These tokens, love, to [illegible]
Lest some sweet flower should [illegible] the knight
To fold his gaudy wing

Ah! Never trust the butterfly,
Though on the summer air
He moves with such a [illegible]
He's fickle as he's fair.
Some pure young blossom [illegible]
With many a tender word;
And now, the heartless eloquence
Another flower has heard:—

But in the constant dove confide,
So gentle, loving, true—
Not 'mid the gay, bright garden's bloom,
Comes this sweet friend to you—
Not in the bower, where revelry and song
The treasures of the vineyard
But where the [illegible] hours of fate
'Mid quiet grow [illegible]

Dear Alice! Let [illegible]
That now to you I [illegible]
Their lessons [illegible]
And with your [illegible]

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THE VALENTINE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My carrier dove, dear Alice!
I send, this day, to you,
With silken cords, and words of love,
And heart as warm as true:
I would not trust the butterfly
These tokens, love, to bring,
Lest some sweet flower should tempt the knight
To fold his gaudy wing.

Ah! Never trust the butterfly,
Though on the summer air
He moves with such a gentle grace—
He's fickle as he's fair:
Some pure young blossom now he woos
With many a tender word,
And now, the heartless eloquence
Another flower has heard:—

But in the constant dove confide,
So gentle, loving, true—
Not 'mid the gay, bright garden's bloom,
Comes this sweet friend to you—
Not in the bower, where clustering hang
The treasures of the vine—
But where the golden beams of day
'Mid quiet groves decline.

Dear Alice! Let the emblems
That now to you I send,
Their lessons on your thoughts impress,
And with your feelings blend:

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Be true and constant, like the dove,
And let love's fetters bind
Your heart in generous sympathy,
With all of human kind.

THE SILENT TEACHER OF HUMILITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRATZEL.

As evening clothed the world again in shadows,
A Sultan walk'd with proud and stately pace,
And midst his groves of palm, and vines, and aloes,
Look'd suddenly a Dervise in the face;
Who calmly sat, in earnest contemplation
And lost in thought, upon the mossy ground:
It seem'd to be his only occupation
To turn a human skull around and round.
The Sultan at this meeting was surprised,
And coldly ask'd with an expressive mien,
As if the humble thinker he despised,
What in the empty bone was to be seen?
"I found, my liege, when day was scarcely breaking,"
Replied the priest, "the skull you here behold,
But howsoe'er my brains I've since been raking,
Cannot succeed its problem to unfold.
What, spite of all my thoughts and calculation,
I cannot fathom, sire, is simply this—
Did a proud Sultan own this decoration,
Or a poor Dervise only call it his?"

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LOSS AND GAIN.

ANDREW MARVEL was a merchant to whom his neighbors applied the word "thrifty." He had been in business for only a few years; yet, in that time, he had made a good deal of money. Mainly, the thrift of Andrew Marvel was the result of great shrewdness, industry, and a knowledge of trade. It was also dependant, in part, on his habit of driving close bargains, and getting, whenever it was possible to do so, some advantage in every transaction. So that he gained, he too rarely stopped to consider who lost—that is, he did not stop to consider while in the warmth and eagerness of business. Then, his love of gain ruled his actions.

But, in earlier years, Marvel had received instruction from the lips of one who taught him to repeat the Golden Rule, and thus fixed that heavenly precept in his memory. It was, therefore, impossible for him to act with dishonesty, and not, in some after moment, when his cupidities were at rest, feel a sense of disquietude therefor. He could not gain a wordly advantage of this kind, without losing some portion of self-respect, and that peace of conscience without which no one can be happy.

In the gains of Mr. Marvel, there was, therefore, a loss, and that a serious one—a loss of which he was too often conscious—a loss that troubled him.

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Strong in the love of money, and eager for its accumulation, as a means of happiness, our merchant, in acquiring earthly treasure, was like a man who builds a house, and uses in its erection a portion of bad materials, thus making the whole structure defective, and destroying all his pleasure in the use of the building. He was getting rich fast. He was investing money year after year. And yet accompanying his possessions was a feeling of disquietude, a want of self-approval and self-satisfaction. And there were times, when thinking over some of his business deeds, that he felt positively unhappy.

Andrew Marvel, at the time we have introduced him to the reader, was worth over eighty thousand dollars. Forty thousand of this sum was invested in six per cent. paying bonds and mortgages, and the remainder was in his business. His family consisted of only himself and wife; and their whole expense of living did not exceed two thousand dollars per annum.

Now the whole amount of this property acquired by overreaching in business did not exceed, if every little item of fraudulent gain had been fairly counted, ten thousand dollars. Had Marvel been strictly honest, man with man, in all his dealings, he would have been worth seventy thousand dollars. But, his selfish desire to have more than his own share led him, for an additional ten thousand, to mar all real enjoyment of the seventy thousand.

Could he have obliterated from his mind the true precepts he had learned as a child—could he have hushed the whispers of conscience, heard in the silence of his heart after he

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had turned away from the busy world, he might have better enjoyed his wealth. But that was impossible.

One day a gentleman called upon Mr. Marvel, and said to him—

"A widow, a friend of mine, has ten shares of stock that she wishes to sell. The income from this stock is too small to be of any value to her, and she is forced to part with it, in order to meet the present and pressing wants of her family. Do you wish to buy?"

"What stock is it?" asked the merchant.

The name of the Company was mentioned.

"What does she ask for it?"

"She will sell at the market price."

"What is that?"

"I saw a broker just now, and he said that it was worth eighty dollars."

Eighty was the quotation of the previous day. But Marvel knew that an advance had taken place, and the true value of the shares was eighty-five dollars.

"Very well," said he, with a pleasant feeling at the thought of making fifty dollars by the transaction in consequence of the gentleman's ignorance of the real value of the stock, "I'll take the scrip. When do you want the money?"

"As soon as the transfer can be made."

"I'll give you a check at any moment," said Marvel.

So the transfer was made without delay, and the stock became the merchant's.

"That much gained," said he to himself, as he placed

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the certificates carefully in his fire-proof. "I should like to enter a transaction like this every day. The stock is worth eighty-five. So there are fifty dollars clear. Howard was not so wide awake as usual. But the stock was none of his. It is the poor widow who has to suffer. A nice man, truly, to have the widow's interest in charge!"

There was a sudden depression in the thermometer of Andrew Marvel's feelings at this last mental exclamation. A poor widow had been wronged—in plain words, cheated—out of fifty dollars. Who had done this? Who was guilty of so mean an act of dishonesty? Why, Andrew Marvel! The transaction was a mirror, in which the merchant saw himself reflected, and with a feeling of shame at his heart, he tried to turn his eyes away from the likeness, so little flattering to the good opinion of himself, he so fondly cherished.

"It was a fair business transaction," he said to himself, in the struggle for self-approval.

But, that would not do.

"The stock was offered at eighty dollars, and I bought it. Was there anything wrong in that? It was a good bargain for me, I own; but every man is entitled to the best bargain he can make."

Still, the merchant felt uncomfortable. He had wronged a widow, whose slender income was insufficient for the support of her family, out of fifty dollars. That was the plain truth; and gloss it over as he would, he could not make it look any better.

Thus stood the account of loss and gain in that matter.

The sleep of Andrew Marvel was not always sound. It

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too frequently happened, that, ere his senses were locked in sweet forgetfulness, there would intrude upon his mind the thought of something that he had done through the day, while absorbed in the sphere of gain, that produced a sense of uneasiness; and, oppressed with this feeling, he would turn upon his uneasy pillow sometimes for hours.

It was so on the night that followed his purchase of the widow's stock. He had lost far more than he had gained, and the trouble of this would not let him rest. At length, after many unhappy hours, nature gave way, and he sunk into a troubled slumber. But the current of his thoughts went on, uncontrolled now by reason and the real things around him. To a certain extent he lived over very many scenes in his life, and some of the actors in them were face to face with him again. By this one he was charged with overreaching in a certain transaction; by that one convicted of falsehood in some business operation, that he might acquire an advantage; and by another pointed at as a specious villain. At length his crowd of accusers passed away, and he was left alone with his own unhappy reflections.—Not long alone, however, for the door of the room in which he seemed to be sitting, opened, and a woman in widow's weeds came slowly in. Though he had never seen the person from whom he had bought the stock on the previous day, he knew this to be her. By the hand she held two little children, poorly clad. They were weeping. The woman approached and stood before him. For a little while she looked at him with a fixed expression. Then she said, in a severe tone—

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"There were fifty dollars gained, Mr. Marvel—fifty dollars gained from the small remnant left to the widow and orphans. But how much was lost? Have you taken that into the account? Loss of honesty; loss of self-respect; loss of peace; and, worse than all, so much loss to heaven. With whom do you expect to live hereafter, Mr. Marvel? With the loving, unselfish, true-minded angels? or with the over-reaching, dishonest, cruel-hearted spirits who cannot enter heaven? It must come to this at last. There were fifty dollars gained, Mr. Marvel; but how much lost? Can you estimate that?"

The merchant heard no more in his dream. Shuddering, he awoke with beads of clammy perspiration on his forehead.

On the next day, Marvel enclosed the widow fifty dollars, saying to her, in the note accompanying the sum, that he found, on inquiry, that her stock was worth just that much more than he paid her for it. To screen himself from being thought by her what he really was—dishonest at heart—he evaded the truth in his act of restitution. But, so far as the act went, it was good. The merchant felt better therefor; and enjoyed the property he had purchased far more than if his right to it had been vitiated by the right of another therein.

Andrew Marvel could not forget his dream; nor help recurring, now and again, to the profit and loss account that was posted up in the Book of Memory. And, whenever he looked at this account, he was positively unhappy. For the future, he was wiser, and endeavored to limit his gains

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within the bounds of strict honesty between man and his fellow-man. But whatever is written in the Book of Memory is a permanent record. He could not forget the past; nor obliterate from his mind the consciousness that a portion of the worldly wealth he possessed was at the expense of dishonesty and wrong to others. In several cases, he made secret restitution, thus lightening the pressure that was on him. But a portion of the weight could not be removed; and thus the abundance of this world's good things that were gathered around him were but half enjoyed, because a portion was not justly his own.

So much for Loss and Gain.

THE WIFE'S LOVE.

"The tie that binds the happy may be dear, but that which links the unfortunate, is tenderness unutterable."

FOUR lustres, love, have pass'd away,
Since at the altar's side
The nuptial promise bless'd mine ear,
And I was call'd thy bride
Up sprung a thousand buds of hope,
To consecrate that hour—
Alas! a thousand beauteous buds,
That never came to flower:

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For thou hast been, in fortune's strife,
A thing for sorrow's aim;
Thy peerless mind and noble heart,
Thy proud, unsullied name—
But vainly served to chase afar,
The ills that throng'd around,
And every dream of promised bliss,
A cause of grief was found.

The church-yard shows its little mounds,
Where long have dwelt beneath,
Dear plants, that in their vernal bloom,
Were stricken down by death;
And friends we loved grew cold and stern,
As riches took their flight,
And all, to thee, has changed to gloom,
Where thou didst turn for light.

Not all—not all, my honor'd one;
For shining o'er thy sleep,
Affection's ray illumes thy couch,
And bids thy Mary weep:
Still may the happy boast of love,
Whose strength was never tried—
By grief is all affection proved,
By grief is purified.

The husband slumber'd on, nor knew,
The watch that love was keeping,
But hope, with radiant promise, seem'd
To mingle in his sleeping;
For 'mid the wildering dreams that mark'd
His sad, unquiet rest,
A smile pass'd o'er the dreamer's brow,
And told that he was blest!

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THE SORROW OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"A white rose delicate,
On a tall bough and straight,
Early comer—April comer,
Never waiting for the Summer."—Miss Barret.

"Say not, thou who art bereaved, 'There is no sorrow like unto mine.'"—Flavel.

The Rose was certainly the most queenly flower in all that spacious garden.

Some say queenly, when the word they should use is haughty; but our Rose had nothing of haughtiness in the serenely proud air with which she received the homage of the dew, the sunshine, and the evening wind. These were her most loyal subjects. The gay humming-bird was certainly very inconstant in his allegiance, for often he would be found fluttering about the Campanula and the pale Lilies, when he should have been bending over her.

The Rose nodded carelessly, when the neighboring Tulip whispered this, for she knew the Tulip was a sad gossip, and more than once suspected she was black at the heart, from envy of her royal friend.

Little did the Rose care at the desertion of the bright-winged bird—Did not the dew pay a fond tribute to her beauty every evening?—and when the morning sun crept with red rays to her very heart, the pearly drops were

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changed to brilliants, that glittered and flashed amid the pure petals she unfolded to its kiss.

"Our Queen's tiara is renewed every morning" whispered the amiable Mignionette. Mignionette found something to love and to admire in every one, down to the poor Bird Weed, that crept humbly near her.

"A thousand pities that more Mignionette had not been scattered through the garden," said the Marigold—a nice, stout, motherly friend of Mignionette's, who was always nursing the fragile Sensitive Plant, over whom she declared Monk's Hood held a baleful influence.

Marigold often told her quiet friend Sage, that she believed the Sensitive Plant would be strong and healthy enough, if once removed from the shadow of that cold, dark neighbor.

So much for the gossip of the garden, which now and then went on pretty briskly, much to the annoyance of the Lupine, who liked to be quiet, and who bore a hatred to Narcissus on that very account. Narcissus was always boasting about himself, and repeating the fine things he had heard said in his praise.

The Nettle was once so bitter as to say he believed Narcissus imagined half of what he was so constantly repeating.

Still, as we have said, all this gossip affected the Rose very little. True, she was grieved that any one should be pained by it; and she knew that, being one of the most conspicuous flowers, she often had her share of ill-natured remark. Calm indifference was the best shield after all.

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She knew the purity of her petals was quite unimpeachable, and, let them say what they would, could not thus be soiled. So she smiled serenely above the discord, and grew every day more beautiful and well-beloved.

Aye, and happier, for close to the soft moss that enveloped her stem, she nursed two bright young buds, that bade fair to be in their turn beautiful and pure.

How caressingly she bent over them! It was really delightful to see her watch and note the faintest shadow of a change that crept over their young lives. Soon their white petals would burst through their emerald clasping, and then they would unfold *so* quickly, to be her friends—her companions. One developed more rapidly than the other; it was kissed oftener by the morning sunbeams—and all know there is much of life in those fresh fraternal kisses. The rough moss and delicate emerald leaves gave way before them. Yes, it was true, the bud was unfolding; there were the waxen petals peeping forth; one could almost see the delicate blush that deepened upon them at the praises of the surrounding blossoms.

All agreed it was the most beautiful bud of the season.

And the Rose—oh! she had quite forgotten herself, in her love and admiration of the fragile nursling that clung so fondly to her stem! She was never weary of bending down to shade it from the noontide heat, and she shared with it the evening tribute of dew. Its younger sister was not forgotten—but her quieter loveliness was naught, when compared with the peerless favorite! The Rose forgot that her own beauty was waning—that she no longer possessed

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the grace of youth, and was slowly withering in her prime.

She lived again; she would live on, in this, her beautiful bud.

We had forgotten to tell you, that a tribute was required at stated seasons by the owner of the garden. It was cared for, and nurtured by her kindness, and the only return she required was, that the flowers should thrive and should be willing, at her wish, to yield up some from among their number to her peculiar control. No one knew what afterwards became of them, as the blossoms never returned. They had questioned many things, but no certain reply had ever been given them, though the zephyrs and the moonlight both assured them that it was an honor to be so chosen; and a tradition existed among them that those who left their number were far happier than when in their midst. Yet, after all, they shrunk from the change; it was so uncertain, they said, and in the garden there were many companions and friends—much to make them happy, even if they were sometimes exposed to mildew and the attacks of intrusive insects.

Now and then you would find a blossom not only willing, but indeed eager, to be chosen. Some because they were weary of the inactive life they led, or because they knew a worm was gnawing at their root, that would destroy them, if they were not speedily rescued. But others there were, perfect still in their young freshness, and fearing neither worm nor blight, who bowed in quiet peace to the summons, because they were grateful for the kindness that had so long

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nurtured them, and were ready to yield their first fragrance aye, and even their lives, if required, as a small return for such benevolent guardianship.

A gentle hand hovered over the Rose—a quick, wild pang, that curdled her very life; and she saw her beautiful bud was no longer near her—that pang was in token of their separation.

Never was there such wild sorrow. The Rose rocked to and fro, in deepest grief. A low wailing fell heavily upon the air, unheard by any, save those friends who strove in vain to comfort her. One by one, her petals drooped heavily—a cold dampness settled upon every leaf. In vain came the dew, with soft and healing ministry; the light kiss of the sunshine brought no life—the whisper of the evening wind failed to rouse her from the fearful stupor.

The remaining bud blossomed to rare loveliness unheeded. It was paler than the last one, as if in sorrow at its departure; but there was a hue of more exquisite purity about it, that atoned for the absence of that crimson flush which had rendered the other so proudly fair. But the Rose could not see its beauty—blinded by the tears she had shed for her first darling.

The wailing of the Rose was unheard—nay, *seemingly* unheard. There was a soft tranquil evening, when the whole garden was bathed in the smile of the calm moonlight. The flowers all loved the moonlight—it came to them so peacefully. Now and then a leaf or a sprig fluttered tremulously, but all else was hushed in a perfect rest.

Still the Rose wailed on.

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The moonlight but reminded her of the many hours she had watched the lost one by its mild light. The grief she cherished had a strange effect—all that had ever been beautiful in life before, now grew dark, in proportion to its former brightness. Some mournful reminiscence clung to the fairest scene, the softest perfume. So she closed her heart to all healing influences, and "refused to be comforted."

A softer whisper than that of the night-wind startled her. It was a voice she had never heard before—one so thrillingly low and sweet, that she hushed her moaning to listen.

"What! murmuring still!" said the voice. "Wrapt even until now in selfish, unholy repining! thou once standing serenely in a pure content! Rose, Rose, thy purity waneth with every lament; thy tears have become as a mildew and a canker to thine own breast, and to those who have ever looked up to thee for shelter! See, their dropping has paled the Lily at thy feet, and the heavy-lidded violets sorrow with and for thee. Look around—rouse thee, selfish one, and mark those who have been like thee bereaved. The Eglantine still sends forth a grateful perfume, though its richest sprigs have been removed. The Harebell bent patiently, as its fairest blossoms were taken; and the blue Hyacinth yields not to despair, though its last cluster of pale blossoms was bound with the bud which thou mournest. *It was not thine only one!* But I pity thee, child of my fairest summer hours, and I am permitted to bring before thee two scenes, that thou mayest draw from them consolation and hope. Mark them well; and hush the voice of wailing that drew me hither."

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So the voice died silently, and the Rose bowed in very humiliation of spirit, for she saw she had not suffered alone. Then a deep sleep came, wafted on the breath of the Poppy that floated about her, and the garden faded from view.

There were many lights flashing through the brilliant rooms upon which she looked. Soft music, such as she had never dreamed of, stole out to meet her. Laughter, musical, silver laughter, mingled with the strain, and bright eyes flashed, and red lips smiled, in the crowd gathered near the mistress of the mansion. Oh! how very beautiful was that stately woman, with a cloud of white drapery floating about her, and her dark hair banded in rich braids, unornamented but by a single rose—nay, a half-opened bud. The Rose saw, with a thrill of delight, that her darling had been thus preferred; and then the scene faded.

A damp, chill wind, seemed to destroy her with its breath. A hoarse murmur ran through the dark heavens, that scowled angrily over the garden; but her bud was returned to her, and oh! with its loveliness increased ten-fold; and in that joy, all else was forgotten. Then the wild wind severed them again; they were torn rudely asunder, and the bud was lying at her feet, crushed to the ground—withering, dying, unhonored, and uncared-for. The dark earth-stains had destroyed its beauty—and so it perished.

"Which wouldst thou have chosen?" whispered the voice once more.

And the Rose replied humbly to the Flower Spirit—for now she knew with whom she held converse—and said,

"I am content. Thou art wiser than I."

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And there was much to comfort the Rose, now that the voice of affection was heeded. The beautiful bud still remaining—the dew, the sun-light, and the soft wind that came to her as of old—and above all, she remembered that through her sorrow she had first known the voice of the gentle Spirit, who watched above them all, and would not "grieve or afflict them willingly."

HOME.

BY HENRY GILES.

HOME is a genuine Saxon word; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the whole race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters in it so many and so stirring meanings, that calls into play and so powerfully excites so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. "Home"—say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. "Home"—play but its tunes, and the bearded soldier, that blenched not in the breach, droops, sickens, and dies. "Home"—murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delirious strife

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for the possession of the spirit. "Home"—what does it not stand for, of strongest, of most moving associations!—for childhood's grief and gladness—for youth's sports, and hopes, and sufferings, and passions, and sins—for all that brightened or tranquilized the breast; for a father's embrace, or for a father's death-bed—for a mother's kiss, or for her grave—for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship—for hours wasted, or hours blest—for peace in the light of life, or fears in the shadow of perdition. Home, when it is all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination in its fairest pictures, would find nothing to excel. But in many spots called home, neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of home history, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Not gay, not pleasant, not innocent, would all of these home histories be. Not a few of them would be sad, dreary, wretched, and within the earliest dwellings of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life.

And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home-thoughts are the last to quit us.

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Feeble age has them, when it has nothing else in memory; and when all the furniture which imagination put together has gone to pieces and to dust, these, not constructed, but planted, planted down in the living soil of primal conciousness, flourish to the last; when the treasures which experience has been many years collecting, a few months may seem to take away, some diamonds are left behind, which even the thief, Time, has spared, reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth.

As everything human has an element of good in it, that which is good in a vicious home is what the past gives back to feeling; it is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts on.

There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance; no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voice. During the lull in the hurricane of revelry, the peal of the Sabbath-bell may come along the track of wasted years, and, though loaded heavily, will not be unkindly in its tones. Through the reekings of luxury, faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth, may seem to start in trouble from the tomb, and though marred with grief, though pallid with affliction, turn mildly towards him, not in anger, but in sorrow. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain, deep down and lonely in his heart, there may come to him the whisper of parental exhortation, the murmur of household prayer, and the music of domestic hymns. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations; ministers to exhort,

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not enemies to accuse—angels to beseech, not demons to scoff. The sentenced culprit, during his last night on earth, must sleep, and perchance may dream, and seldom will that dream be all concerning the present—not all of it, if any, will be of chains and blood, of shapeless terrors, and pale-faced avengers, of the scaffold and the shroud. But other things will be in the dream. He was once honest, and spent his childhood, it may be, in a rustic home, and grew to youth amidst laborious men and with simple nature. Out of imagery thus derived will his dreams be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and wooded lane; the boat sleeping on the stream; the rock mirrored in the lake; the shadow, watched expectingly from the school-room window, as it shortens to the noontide hour. Then, there will be parents, blessed in their unbroken circle; there will be young companions laughing in their play; there will be bright harvest-evenings after days of healthful toil; there will be family greetings, thanksgiving feasts; there will be the grasp of friendship; there will be the kiss of love. The dream will not be entirely, if at all, a dream of crime, disgrace and death; it will be one that reproduces, on the brink of eternity, the freshness of emotion, hope, and desire, with which existence on earth began. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. This should never be forgotten.

The true economy of the home is not mechanical, but moral. The household is not a machine, not a collection of pulleys and springs, which needs but skill in directing force to manage. The household is an assemblage of

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kindred spiritualities—a system of gradations—an association, in various stages of human intelligencies and human wills.

These can as little be harmonized by the command of authority as by the use of power. To control, and yet not enslave—to leave free, and yet not abandon—is a great problem in government, whether its sphere be a household or an empire. In the household, control and freedom can be reconciled only by wisdom and the affections. Love is the mediator between power and dependence—that which weakens authority—that which ennobles submission. Love is the holy and living bond, both of the equal and the unequal—that which changes the rigor of mutual claims into the grace of mutual kindness—that which brings courtesy into agreement with sincerity, and harmonizes deference with independence. Only love can subdue the selfish will in either doing or forbearing; only this can give sweetness to command, cheerfulness to obedience and unity to companionship.

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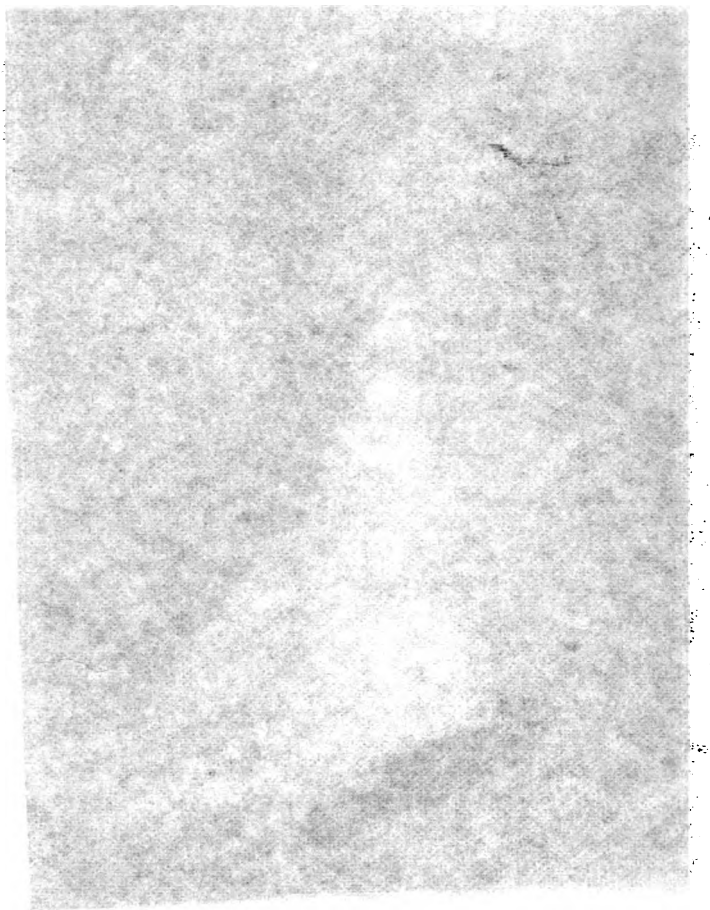
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THE MORNING PRAYER.

Out among the open hills,
When the morn was fairest—
Seeking flowers among the rills,
Where they bloom the rarest;
Blossoms with a sunny grace
Bent adown to woo her;
And the birds, with happy song,
Warbled greeting to her;—

For they needed not to fear
Eyes so calm and tender;
And the harebell shrank not back
From a foot so slender:
Yet, among her shining hair,
Glow'd no bud nor blossom—
When she knelt in grateful prayer,
Hands clasp'd o'er her bosom;—

They had grown too much like friends,
In her rambles lonely,
To be rifled of their bloom
For her pleasure only:
Other eyes might smile to see,
When the flowers were dying;
On a careless, merry heart,
Sadly, faintly lying;—

Other ears might never bend
To their silent pleading,
When they wither'd, joyously,
Tender nurture needing:

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But, for her—they shared her life,
In its bloom and beauty;
And their presence even woke,
Thoughts of love and duty. MARY.

DIRGE.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

MOURNFULLY toll the bell—
Gently bear earth to earth;
Solemnly chant the knell—
Death claims a mortal birth.

Virgins, strew early flowers,
Pluck'd from the snow in spring;
Emblems of her sad hours—
Smiling while withering.

She was a gentle one—
Pure as a seraph's tear;
Too soon her task was done—
Born but to disappear!

Low chant her requiem—
Close o'er her breast the sod;
Angels, teach her your hymn,
While winging her way to God.

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THE CANKER AND THE CURE.

BY SILVERPEN.

Baron Thrashem was one of the very wisest and profoundest lawyers on the judicial bench; to say nothing of his extraordinary research amidst such ethic doctrines as relate to the origin of evil; to say nothing that these doctrines were always stated by him so precisely and logically, that the minutest link in his chain of causation never showed a flaw; to say nothing that he had espied the very topmost bough of the goodly tree of sin, and dug down (in his own opinion) nearer to its far-hidden and obscure root than any other man; to say nothing of these things—he so viewed all reformatory law for crime as twaddle from the humane school of philosophy, that had he had his own stern will, every statute and every law against the criminal should have been burnt, and replaced by those two very tangible and summary processes for curing evil—the halter and the gibbet.

Thirteen years ago this very next Lent term, the baron had gone circuit to the north. His old clerk Rednot had gone circuit too, and old Joe Bottle, who prided himself upon having been the judge's servant forty-two years, had taken coach that very morning to visit some country relatives. None were left in the old dull house in the old dull square, but the maid of all-work, and the cook, and the housekeeper,

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summed up in the person of Becky; for the judge had neither a grand house, a grand equipage, (for an old jobbing-coach had taken him down to Westminster, and on circuit, for the last twenty years), nor many servants; but simply a very grand library, every book in which—according to the fully united opinions of Rednot, Bottle, and Becky—he knew by heart, from its first letter to its colophon; excepting certain books on a certain right-hand shelf of the large bookcase, at which he had been seen to smile so satirically and so often, that they were supposed to contain opinions not worth a farthing to the great mintage of the judge's mind, but were doubtless simple, irreverent, and untrue. Be this as it may—upon this certain morning, Becky, whose simple heart knew no bounds in its reverence and duty to her stern master, was busy in the library, when her ear was caught by the low voice of a child outside the area-rails. She had at that moment lifted up from the library-table an old-fashioned massive silver inkstand, and turning round saw that it was a wretched, sharp-faced child, who, probably attracted by her cap, as seen above the window-blinds, had stopped to beg. Her kindly thoughts in a moment were traveling fast between the two-pence in her pocket and the hot roll left in the oven from Joe's breakfast, when the postman's quick rap was heard at the hall-door. It was a letter from her master, Becky was sure, and all in an anxious tremor—for Thrashem wrote but seldom when from home, and then only on some urgent point—she hurried breathlessly to answer the door, with the duster and inkstand yet in her hand. Recognizing her master's stiff, straight characters on the let-

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ter, and as the postage was to pay, she, in the anxious absence of the moment, set down the duster and the inkstand on the step, while she dived down for her purse into the hidden mysteries of her capacious pocket. The postman was leaning carelessly on the area railings, looking down the street; and when she had stepped to him, given him the money, and come back again, the inkstand was gone, the silver inkstand that the judge prized so highly! In the first moment of doubt and astonishment, she knew not what to think; but recollecting the keen-faced child, who, but the instant before had been in sight, she hurried from the door, and looking down the street, and calling upon the postman to follow her, saw the child running onward with breathless speed. The postman's quick step was, however, a match; he seized upon the thief just as she had thrust the inkstand beneath the ragged strip of shawl that hung about a girl some year or two older than herself. To half cry with joy, was Becky's first impulse when the inkstand was again safe; to tremble at the bare thought of the judge's stern displeasure, had it been lost; to almost sink in heart at the idea of one doubt upon her long-tried honesty—all these for the instant were paramount; but all sunk into mere nothingness, or rather, were merged into one feeling of womanly and simple mercy, when she glanced down upon the child's upturned face of terror, hunger, and pain.

"You ——" commenced the postman.

"Had no wittles," spoke the child, sullenly.

These words robbed the heart of the judge's honest servant of its last touch of anger. She said something about

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letting the child go—but too late. A crowd had collected, a policeman stepped in, and the thief in a few minutes was locked safe in the station-house.

It was a sorrowful night, that, to the compassionate heart of Becky; though her fire was bright, her tea good, and even the barber from a little street hard-by had stepped in to talk the matter over with her. And she was still more sad next day, when, in her best gown, she courtesyed to the magistrate of the police court, and saw the child in the dock, more haggard and pale. The case was fully proved. "My good woman," spoke the magistrate, in his kindest voice, "I know your master would prosecute this case to the fullest extent of the law, but to what end? Here is a child seven years old, or thereabouts, without home, without one human friend, and, great God! apparently without *a name;* the scum and refuse of the city streets whilst yet a baby! If I send her to prison, she will probably come out only more confirmed in precocious wickednessor, if sent back into the streets, but to starvation, or something still more horrible. But were there some one to save by teaching, and ——"

Becky, the great judge's poor servant, looked here at the magistrate, and then at the criminal child. "Please sir," and the sympathy of our divinest nature justified itself, "I've fifty-seven pounds sixteen and sixpence in the Savings Bank, that Mr. Rednot has the receipt of, and just two sovereigns more in the spice-box—so if a little schooling might ——"

"Might do more than the prison or the law can do—turn guiltless sin into good, and if with work ——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Becky, pleased with the magis-

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trate's manner, and interpreting the matter in her own way; "if she were to turn out tidy, and I could keep the thing from master's ears, why I could teach her to roast, and bake, and set his room to rights, and ——"

"And if you should succeed in half," chimed in the magistrate, "you'd show yourself to be a profounder lawyer than either I who sit upon this Bench, or your master, a Baron of the exchequer. *He who cures vice is greater than he who punishes it.*"

Becky did not understand half this, only this much, that nobody could be so great as the judge, her master; so, courtesying less respectfully than she otherwise would have done, she waited for the child to be released from the dock, threw a large silk handkerchief from her pocket across its shoulders, that it might look less like a vagrant, and then reverting back to the due disposal of the two pounds in the spice-box, she took the child's hand, and made her way to the cab outside the door, followed by the wondering and ejaculating barber.

To wash the child well by the kitchen fire, to bake a cake for tea, to invite the barber thereunto, to reach the child a little pictured cup from the closet's topmost shelf, were matters of course with Becky; and much did she ejaculate, and more did the barber, as, between the ravenously eaten cake and the sweetened tea, the precocious, witful, neglected intellect of crime told of its narrow hell of human life, which, it believed, was heaven! Long was the talk of the barber and Becky, whilst the babyhood of crime, not disowned by nature, nestled to its rest; and as Mr. Bottle

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was of a nervous temperament, and much given to count his spoons and forks, and make particular inquiries after his master's gold spectacles, it was judged wise to keep the real truth from him, at least for the present; and moreover, as the police report would be sure to appear in the *Times* of the morrow, it would be advisable (though a sad sin in the eyes of Becky) not to post that paper, so that some chance might lie of the matter escaping Thrashem's keen notice. It fortunately did, beyond a mere report by word; but in her strongest trunk Becky hoarded up that paper.

It was necessary to give the child a name before Mr. Bottle came back. The barber suggested many good ones; none, however, pleasant to the ear of Becky. But, when, in some few days the child's young face began to look gratefully up into her own, the thought struck Becky, that the great oil painting over the library fire-place was the portrait of the judge's mother, and that her Christian name had been Alice. "And might it not be beautiful," said Becky to herself, "if she should turn out a good child, and come up to such grand things as to mend the dear master's shirt, or cook him an omelet as brown as I do? Might it not be beautiful to hear that name he loves so well, called softly up and down the house?" So, giving her own question an affirmative answer, Becky called the child Alice.

To say that the seven years' teaching of sin was absolved all at once, would be an an injustice to my great teacher—nature. But peculations from closets, and drawers, and jars, grew less and less before the continual ministry of good; the memory of vice faded like a shadow in the broad-

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ening sun; and Alice, the unknown spawn of the beggars' lodging-house, became a favorite with old Joe, took and thrived by honest Becky's teachings, and even at last becoming noticed by Mr. Rednot, drew upon his learning many ways.

Years passed on, and Alice was seventeen. Never had the judge seen her—never heard of her. He had lived forty years in that house, yet never trod his own kitchen floor. Becky grew feeble; and the stern old man at last noticing it, rung her up, one night, into the library. He spoke kindly, placed her a chair, and said she must have help. Becky's heart faltered—the secret of years was on her tongue.

"I was afraid you would be angry; but I've long been obliged to have ——"

"Whom?"

"One who can cook your omelet beautifully; set a frill on your shirt, and almost place your room as well as *I* do—Alice."

The old man looked up at that picture; his heart grew merciful at that name. He rung again the bell; he said a word or two, and Alice—the bud of iniquity—the atom of the foulest city streets that society crushes, and that he in his great wisdom disowned all regeneration for, save the gallows—stood before him in her beauty and her usefulness. The magistrate said right—"Nobler is it to teach good to crime, than to tread it under foot." The heart of the poor servant had solved the great enigma of social wrong and social progress, in a more practical way than the wis-

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dom of the scholar and the judge—*for teach but ignorance and we evil diminish!* That night the old man smiled less upon those books; he took them down—he read them—and Alice from that hour flitted round him in her useful, humble duties, and surpassed poor Becky, because she had been better taught. Becky soon after this fell ill, and on her dying bed told the old man of that theft; how the pity of her heart had made her save—and Alice was the fruit! "She, sir, who is so very good, and waits so gently on you. Be good to her—be good to her."

"I will—and take a lesson from you, Becky, that shall make not only the law, but my own heart better."

Those great books of the great jurist are no longer smiled upon. The retired judge will bequeath his great wealth to put their spirit into action; and with Alice in her humble duties flitting round him, devises plans for the better bearing out the great progress question of reformatory law; and no longer ending his chain of ethic causatives by the gallows, sets his hand to these great principles—*that crime is too often the offspring of ignorance, and that to save and lead this ignorance towards good, is a service that approximates the human actor towards his Divine Creator.*

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POWER OF GOODNESS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

HONOR is brightest in the fearless mind
That takes God's truths for yea and verity;
And he who would a priceless treasure find,
Must seek the soul that loves sincerity.

As over the corrupted flesh of mouldering bodies, the glittering mausoleum shines, speaking with its gilded cornices, its sculptured flowers and cunning ornaments, of beauty, of taste, of genius, but not of death, so the soft, smooth exterior of a bad man, with a voice all blandness, and a feigned horror for guilt, too holy to be spoken, would seem to be the finish and perfection of an integrity resulting from goodness. He receives his honors with winning smiles, but he knows the worm in his bosom will canker them. He listens to the story of the oppressed, and as the poor man tells his wrongs, feels the brand of accusation hot upon his own brow, and wonders how innocence can confide in him. Goaded by the fiend that lurks under the garb of deception, and nestles to his heart, he is at times almost forced to exclaim, when he beholds the power of virtue, "I am not what I seem; I trade in craft, I lie to appear honest, I cheat to swell my gains, I give but to stealthily take back again, yea! and I rob to get my profit for that which I make appear disinterested benevolence;" but the destroyer

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of souls, dragging him to the brink of confession, only to torture, seals his lips with some new temptation, and he lives on, deceived and deceiving.

But the good man, though bowed with many sorrows, knows no remorse. His actions are his indorsers; and if contumely be cast upon him for a season, he can bear bravely the reproach, so that his soul tells him it is not merited. The good man in reality is venerated, even by the vilest. There is a serene might in integrity, that like the everlasting hills, below whose snowy peaks the clouds gather and the lightnings play, cannot be approached but with awe.

God, the fountain-head of all perfection, has set thereon His own signet, and so powerful is it that its veriest imitation will sometimes call forth the admiring plaudits of multitudes.

"Seat me on the throne of truth," says the sincere man, "put in my hand the sceptre of honesty, and your gilded kings, baubles, chairs of glittering state, and crowns, for possession of whose gems millions have been beggared, may rust and fall to rottenness in the mouldy chambers of royalty, before I would exchange my reality of happiness for their splendor. Give me the sobbing thanks of one poor widow whose little inheritance I may have saved from the grasping and unprincipled—I would not have instead, the favor of the great of earth, obtained by my cringing, fawning, and dissimulation.

If we are true to God and ourselves, we shall never want for friends. We do not believe there is one person at this

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moment, in any part of the world, who has lived uprightly, whose intentions have always been sincerely good, and who has walked with his Creator from his youth up, lacking for sufficient temporal blessings, or who cannot always respond readily to the question, "show me thy friends?" We do not believe any one who has been in reality a Christian, in the deepest deep of troubles, when sky and earth were alike joyless to him, has ever committed the crime of suicide.

It may appear otherwise, but could finite eyes see away back in the lore of that man's mind, some hidden page of a secret sin would come to light, of which none but God was cognizant. No man is so fallen but God will uphold him, if he lean steadily upon His powerful arm.

Instances have come under our observation where large fortunes have been made by strict adherence to principle and religion, the sneers of the skeptic to the contrary notwithstanding, and we have seen losses of a most serious character speedily made up to the resigned sufferer.

Not a great while ago, a venerable couple, long known and well known, especially for their piety, were turned into the cold streets one dark night by fire. Their house and all their property were destroyed. They took possession of a neighbor's empty tenement after the smouldering heap, once their home, was reduced to ashes, entirely unprovided for, as they thought. Early in the morning in an outer room, they found baskets stored with all kinds of provisions which they might be expected to want. Soon came neighbors with their gifts; this one brought chairs, that one a table, others, ware, and household implements of various sorts,

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till the good old folks were surrounded with comforts. To their greater surprise, in the course of the day, lumber was carried to the site of the old house, the rubbish cleared away, and preparations made to re-build the cottage—all a free and unanimous gift to those whose characters had been stainless, and whose goodness proverbial.

"Truly," exclaimed the pious veteran, lifting both hands, while the tears streamed down his aged cheeks, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread. The God whom I have served, gives good wages; blessed be His holy name."

Verily, it is better to be good than sinful; for silver and gold, though offered upon His altar, can never be so acceptable in the sight of the Almighty, as purity of heart.

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SEVENTEEN.

I HAVE a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen:
She dwells among us like a star,
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain,
From aught it sees in this.

I do not mean that flattery
Has never reach'd her ear;
I only say its syren song
Has no effect on her;
For she is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild—
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child.

And yet, within the misty depths
Of her dark dreamy eyes,
A shadowy something, like deep thought,
In tender sadness lies:
For though her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years,
Its wildness and its lustre now
Are soften'd down by tears—

Tears that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For yet none but lovely feelings
In her gentle breast have met;

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For every tear that gems her eye,
From her young bosom flows,
Like dew-drops from a golden star,
Or sweetness from a rose.

For e'en in life's delicious spring,
We oft have memories
That throw around our sunny hearts,
A transient cloud of sighs:
For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reach'd that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf,
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery,
About the heart is thrown,
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

I do not know if round her heart,
Love yet hath thrown his wing;
I rather think she's like myself,
An April-hearted thing:
I only know that she is fair,
And loves me passing well;
But who the gentle maiden is,
I feel not free to tell.

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SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE Omnibus was slowly pursuing its way up one of the long hills that lead to the outskirts of Cincinnati, when the attention of its various inmates was directed to a man lying by the road-side, with flushed and swollen face, and trembling limbs, who vainly strove to raise himself from the earth, muttering broken and incoherent sentences, and ever and anon falling back into the dust, which had already plentifully begrimmed his face, hands, and clothes. Some of the passengers gazed on him with a contemptuous smile of pity, some with an expression of loathing and disgust, while a few of the coarser sort, on the top, burst forth into expressions of vulgar derision.

"Go it, old chap," said one. "Try it again," shouted another, as he made a fruitless attempt to rise. "Falls pretty limber, I guess," said a third.

A little boy about five years old, was stretching his neck to watch the sight, and joined unhesitatingly in the laugh set up on the outside.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said a gentlewoman by his side; "don't laugh, Henry—that man is some poor child's father, I suppose."

The boy seemed to feel at once the force of this appeal,

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for he looked with astonishment and sorrow into his mother's face, and several of the passengers appeared, by their thoughtful air, to have felt the force of the gentle appeal, and looked more as Christians should look on the fallen creature they were leaving behind.

And there indeed was somebody's father, as the gentle voice had said. Look with us in this low and shattered room, and there you see a pale and faded woman, sitting up, sick and feeble, by a decaying fire, striving with trembling hand and failing eye, to finish a piece of sewing; her head is weary and giddy—the room often seems turning round and round with sickening motion, and her hand often stops and trembles as she still urges her needle—her needle, slender and feeble as herself, but, like herself, the only reliance of those helpless ones around her. On the floor sits the baby, often pulling at her dress and raising his hands in dumb show to try to make her feel that he is weary of apparent neglect, and wants to find a warmer seat in her lap; while two pale, wistful-looking children are gazing from the door as if expecting something, and weary of delay.

"Oh, Mary! do take up Benny," said the mother, after vainly striving to raise him, "and keep him a little longer, till I finish the work, and then you can carry it up to Mrs. ——, and get the money for it, and you shall have something good for supper."

"Oh, dear! why doesn't father come?" says the little girl, as she takes her little brother from the floor. He told us certainly that he would be back in an hour, and bring

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the medicine for you and some things for us; and he has not come back yet."

The woman sighs—long experience has taught her why he does not come, but she only says, "I know he meant to be home before this."

At last the boy steals in silently and pale, and standing behind his mother's chair, says, apprehensively, "Oh, mother, he is coming; but he hasn't got anything for us, I know." The mother had guessed as much before; and the tired and hungry children looked with a discouraged and hopeless air from their mother to each other, as the door is pushed widely open, and the man who lay by the road-side totters in, and throws himself into a chair.

No child goes to him. When the unthinking baby puts out its little hands, its sister checks it with a "Hush, Benny—be still!" They all know that this father is no father now, and there is no safety but in keeping out of his way.

And yet that man left his house in the morning, with as warm a heart toward his children, with as solemn a purpose to withstand temptation, as sincere a desire to provide something for his own, as man could have; that man is naturally warm-hearted and affectionate, and proud, and fond of his children, and only this morning he promised to that sick, heart-broken woman, that he would begin a new life. He went out from his home, honestly meaning to come home, with comforts for his wife and little ones, and to make a cheerful evening fireside. But what! In his work-shop, among the companies he daily meets, he has been assailed

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by temptation too strong for him—he has yielded, and this is the result.

A year or two since, the hand of christian brotherhood was everywhere stretched forth in our city, to stay the failing resolution of such wanderers—to seek out and save those that were ready to perish. How many desolate homes were then made cheerful—how many sorrowful hearts were filled with joy, by those noble efforts! Temperance, in our city, is going back, and haunts of vice are increasing in number, and throwing far and wide their temptations, unchecked and unrestrained. Are those who labored so nobly and successfully, in past times, then, weary in well-doing? Has the cause grown old, and lost its interests? Is it not just as dreadful for a man to lose soul and body, now, as ever it was? Are not the sacred relations of the family the same, and the anguish and despair caused by their utter wreck, as real and true now, as when they were the theme of every tongue?

Let it be hoped that the energies of our community, always forward and efficient in good works, in times past, are not dead, but only sleeping; and that the same vigorous and benevolent hearts and hands, that have wrought so much good among us, in former times, will rouse again, to new and successful effort.

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SOMETHING FOR A COLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"HENRY," said Mr. Green to his little son Henry, a lad in his eighth year, "I want you to go to the store for me."

Mr. Green was a working-man, who lived in a comfortable cottage, which he had built from money earned by honest industry. He was, moreover, a sober, kind-hearted man, well liked by all his neighbors, and beloved by his own family.

"I'm ready, father," said Henry, who left his play, and went to look for his cap, the moment he was asked to go on an errand.

Look in the cupboard, and get the pint flask. It's on the lower shelf."

Henry did as desired, and then asked—"What shall I get, father?"

"Tell Mr. Brady to send me a pint of good Irish whiskey."

The boy tripped lightly away, singing as he went. He was always pleased to do any errand for his father.

"This cold of mine gets worse," remarked Mr. Green to his wife, as Henry left the house. "I believe I'll try old Mr. Van Deusen's remedy—a bowl of hot whiskey-punch. He says it always cures him; it throws him into a free perspiration, and the next morning he feels as clear as a bell."

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"It is not always good," remarked Mrs. Green, "to have the pores open. We are more liable to take cold."

"Very true. It is necessary to be careful how we expose ourselves afterwards."

"I think I could make you some herb-tea, that would do as much good as the whiskey-punch," said Mrs. Green.

"Perhaps you could," returned her husband, "but I don't like your bitter stuff. It never was to my fancy."

Mrs. Green smiled, and said no more.

A few moments afterwards, the door opened, and Henry came in, looking pale and frightened.

"Oh, father!" he cried, panting, "Mr. Brooks is killing Margaret!"

"What!" Mr. Green started to his feet.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, "he's killing her! he's killing her! I saw him strike her on the head with his fist." And tears rolled over the boy's cheeks.

Knowing Brooks to be a violent man when intoxicated, Mr. Green lost not a moment in hesitation or reflection, but left his house hurriedly, and ran to the dwelling of his neighbor, which was near at hand. On entering the house, a sad scene presented itself. The oldest daughter of Brooks, a girl in her seventeenth year, was lying upon a bed, insensible, while a large bruised and bloody spot on the side of her face showed where the iron fist of her brutal father had done its fearful if not fatal work. Her mother bent over her, weeping; while two little girls were shrinking with frightened looks into a corner of the room.

Mr. Green looked around for the wretched man, who, in

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the insanity of drunkenness, had done this dreadful deed; but he was not to be seen.

"Where is Mr. Brooks?" he asked.

"He has gone for the doctor," was replied.

And in a few minutes he came in with a physician. He was partially sobered, and his countenance had a troubled expression. His eyes shrunk beneath the steady, rebuking gaze of his neighbors.

"Did you say your daughter had fallen down stairs?" said the doctor, as he leaned over Margaret, and examined the dreadful bruise on her cheek.

"Yes—yes," stammered out the guilty father, adding this falsehood to the evil act.

"Had the injury been a few inches farther up, she would ere this, have breathed her last," said the doctor—looking steadily at Brooks, until the eyes of the latter sunk to the floor.

Just then there were signs of returning life in the poor girl, and the doctor turned towards her all his attention. In a little while, she began to moan, and move her arms about, and soon opened her eyes.

After she was fully restored again to conscious life, Mr. Green returned to his home, where he was met with eager questions from his wife. After describing all he had seen, he made this remark—

"There are few better men than Thomas Brooks when he is sober; but when he is drunk he acts like a demon."

"He must be a demon to strike with his hard fist, a delicate creature like his daughter Margaret. And she is so

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good a girl. Ah, me! to what dreadful consequences does this drinking lead!"

"It takes away a man's reason," said Mr. Green, "and when this is gone, he becomes the passive subject of evil influences. He is, in fact, no longer a man."

Mrs. Green sighed deeply.

"His poor wife!" she murmured; "how my heart aches for her, and his poor children! If the husband and father changes, from a guardian and provider for his family, into their brutal assailant, to whom can they look for protection? Oh, it is sad! sad!"

"It is dreadful! dreadful!" said Mr. Green. "It is only a few years ago," he added, "since Brooks began to show that he was drinking too freely. He always liked his glass, but he knew how to control himself, and never drowned his reason in his cups. Of late, however, he seems to have lost all control over himself. I never saw a man abandon himself so suddenly."

"All effects of this kind can be traced back to very small beginnings," remarked Mrs. Green.

"Yes: A man does not become a drunkard in a day. The habit is one of very gradual formation."

"But when once formed," said Mrs. Green, "hardly any power seems strong enough to break it. It clings to a man as if it were a part of himself."

"And we might almost say that it was a part of himself," replied Mr. Green; for whatever we do from a confirmed habit, fixes in the mind an inclination thereto, that carries us away as a vessel is borne upon the current of a river."

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"How careful, then, should every one be, not to put himself in the way of forming so dangerous a habit. Well do I remember when Mr. Brooks was married. A more promising young man could not be found—nor one with a kinder heart. The last evil I feared for him and his gentle wife was that of drunkenness. Alas! that this calamity should have fallen upon their household. What evil, short of crime, is greater than this?"

"It is so hopeless," remarked Mr. Green. "I have talked with Brooks a good many times, but it has done no good. He promises amendment, but does not keep his promise a day."

"Touch not, taste not, handle not. This is the only safe rule," said Mrs. Green.

"Yes, I believe it," returned her husband. "The man who never drinks is in no danger of becoming a drunkard."

For some time, Mr. and Mrs. Green continued to converse about the sad incident which had just transpired in the family of their neighbor, while their little son, upon whose mind the fearful sight he had witnessed was still painfully vivid, sat and listened to all they were saying, with a clear comprehension of the meaning of the whole.

After awhile the subject was dropped. There had been a silence of some minutes, when the attention of Mr. Green was again called to certain unpleasant bodily sensations, and he said—

"I declare! this cold of mine is very bad. I must do something to break it before it gets worse. Henry, did you get that Irish whiskey I sent for?"

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"No, sir," replied the child, "I was so frightened when I saw Mr. Brooks strike Margaret, that I ran back."

"Oh, well; I don't wonder! It was dreadful. Mr. Brooks was very wicked to do so. But take take the flask and run over to the store. Tell Brady that I want a pint of good Irish whiskey."

Henry turned from his father and went to the table on which he had placed the flask. He did not move with his usual alacrity.

"It was whiskey, wasn't it," said the child, as he took the bottle in his hand, "that made Mr. Brooks strike Margaret?" And he looked so earnestly into his father's face, and with so strange an expression, that the man felt disturbed, while he yet wondered at the manner of the lad.

"Yes," replied Mr. Green, "it was the whiskey. Mr. Brooks, if he had been sober, would not have hurt a hair of her head."

Henry looked at the bottle, then at his father, in so strange a way, that Mr. Green, who did not at first comprehend what was in the child's thoughts, wondered still more. All was soon understood, for Harry, bursting into tears, laid down the flask, and, throwing his arms around his father's neck, said—"Oh, father! don't get any whiskey!"

Mr. Green, deeply touched by the incident, hugged his boy tightly to his bosom. He said—

"I only wanted it for medicine, dear. But, never mind. I won't let such dangerous stuff come into my house. Mother shall make me some of her herb-tea, and that will do as well."

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Henry looked up, after awhile, timidly—"You're not angry with me, father!" came from his innocent lips.

"Oh no, my child! Why should I be angry?" replied Mr. Green, kissing the cheek of his boy. Then the sunshine came back again to Henry's heart, and he was happy as before.

Mrs. Green made the herb-tea for her husband, and it proved quite as good for him as the whiskey-punch. A glass or two of cold water, on going to bed, would probably have been of more real advantage in the case than either of these doubtful remedies.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

'Tis said of old, a fountain lay
Hid in the forest far away—
A magic fount it was in sooth—
Where he who stoop'd above the brink,
And laved his brow, and bent to drink,
Though he were bow'd with years before,
The semblance of unchanging youth
Thenceforth would wear for evermore.
But he alone hath reach'd the goal,
Who, turning from the world aside,
'Mid the green places of the soul,
Hath sought the pure, life-giving tide,
That wells with Faith, and Love, and Truth—
The fountain of perpetual youth.

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MIRIAM.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

She opens her lattice,
And looks on the lake;
O'er its slumbering surface
No murmurs awake:
Afar o'er the mountain,
The moon has long set;
The morning breeze freshens—
Why tarries he yet?

A sound in the distance,
A low plashing oar;
See! yonder's a shadow;
It touches the shore:
'Tis he—safe returning—
Joy leaps to her eyes;
And, clasp'd to her bosom,
"My husband!" she cries

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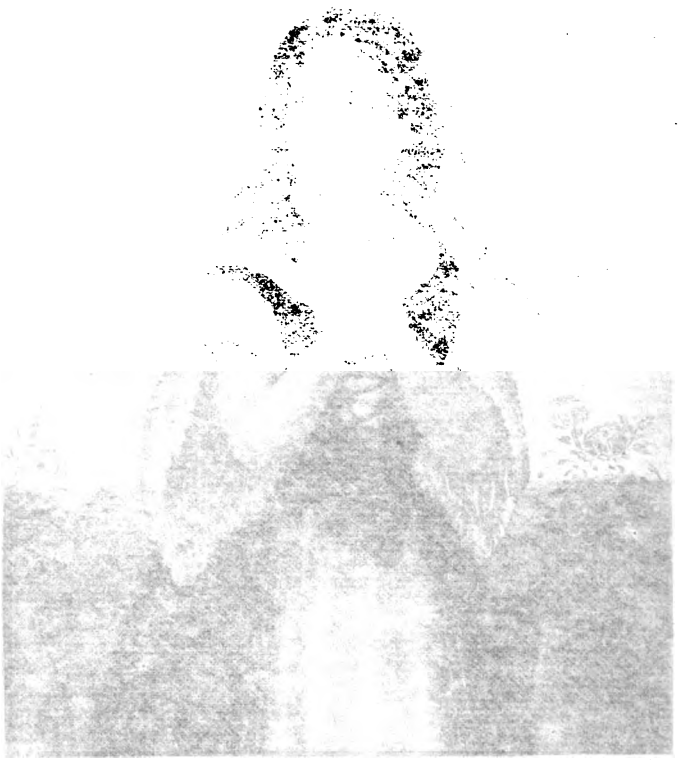
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BY [illegible]

THERE can be no [illegible] ...ison. It has been [illegible] ...years, and practised extensively [illegible] ...the heads of the People, in the [illegible] ...parts of the civilized [illegible] ...In these latitudes, you can scarcely get [illegible] ...stainers from intemperance, [illegible] ...from habits of the grossest [illegible] ...them in all trades and [illegible] ...heat, cold, and exposure [illegible] ...in all ages; persons who [illegible] ...rious as possible; in [illegible] ...situation—and yet all [illegible] ...invariably the opinion, as [illegible] ...and generally [illegible] ...most of them [illegible] ...timony.

To [illegible] ...as [illegible] ...much expense, much sickness, [illegible] ...ing from the use of [illegible]

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INDIRECT ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

BY PHITIP P. CARPENTER.

THERE can be no doubt now as to the effect of teetotalism. It has been advocated for more than fifteen years, and practiced extensively on both sides the Atlantic, in the islands of the Pacific, in India, even in China, and in most parts of the civilized world. In the British dominions, you can scarcely go into any village without finding there abstainers from intoxicating drink, many of them reformed from habits of the grossest intemperance. You may see them in all trades and modes of life; in the extremes of heat, cold, and exposure to the weather; of both sexes, and in all ages; persons whose previous habits have been as various as possible; in fact, in every conceivable difference of situation—and yet all agreeing in the same testimony, that intoxicating liquors are, as a beverage, wholly unnecessary, and generally injurious. There can be no sham here; for most of them have had to suffer, more or less, for their testimony.

Teetotalers, then, can live—can live as well, as healthily, as happily, as actively, as the drinkers. They are saved much expense, much sickness, and all the moral evils resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors. They are made

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sober, if they have been intemperate; they are kept from falling into drunkenness, if they were sober to begin with. This is all the promulgators of the system promised; and most completely has the promise been fulfilled. The original temperance societies promised to reform and prevent drunkenness; they made a grand attempt, but suffered a signal failure. They prepared the way for a more thorough and truthful system, and then died a natural death.

The direct benefits of teetotalism, then, are such, that its principles must be sound. But we have further confirmation of their truth. Good things are linked together, so that they cannot go alone. Bad things often produce apparently fine fruit; but we are led to discover its rottenness, when we see the evils necessarily consequent on it. The advocacy and practice of teetotalism, however, have led to many indirect and (to a considerable extent) unlooked-for advantages. To some of these we now beg to direct our readers' attention.

1. *Teetotalism has created a spirit of self-reform.* Giving up drink is a personal work, a real thing, which each must do for himself, without which no permanent good can be done him by any other man. Drinkers are ready enough, when together at the pot-house, to advocate political reforms, and all sorts of other changes, except personal reform, for their supposed advantage. Teetotalers have shown them the paramount importance of the latter; and if they succeed in inducing them to mortify this fleshy lust, the spirit, excited or strengthened by the deed, leads to other as noble, or yet greater, sacrifices. Accordingly, we find num-

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bers of teetotalers, when the cloud cast over their spiritual eyes by drinking, has been removed, giving up one sensual indulgence after another, devoting themselves with energy to the improvement of their minds, and seeking that full regeneration of their hearts which true religion, the spirit of Christ, alone can give.

2. *Teetotalism has called forth a spirit of self-sacrifice.* This is the motive to which we appeal in our reasonings with moderate drinkers. We urge them to deny themselves for the good of their brethren. Every act performed from right motives, strengthens the force of those motives. And thousands, to whom self-denial before was mere pulpit-talk, having done their duty here, have gone on to do it in other ways also. It was easy to sign our names to pledges for peace, free trade, etc., and subscribe *money* to benevolent societies, and go on living as we did before; but teetotalers have to give up something daily for their brethren's sake. The teetotal society has been what the Christian Church ought to be —an assembly of men, each a worker and a missionary. It is heart-cheering to go into every town and village, and there find a set of working-men spending their time, after their hard day's labor, in holding meetings, distributing tracts, visiting their neighbors to do them good, without an atom of personal advantage thence accruing. We ourselves know many who do not scruple thus to walk six, eight, or even twelve miles, in a winter's night, to speak, without any recompense but the testimony of their consciences. And we generally find teetotalers not engrossed by their one question, though they might well be so; but among the foremost in carrying for-

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ward other reforms and philanthropic labors, and in secret works of benevolence.

3. *Teetotalism promotes education.* The most frequent cause of absence from school is drinking. The child is sent in the tenderest years to work, that the father may have its wages to drink on the Saturday night. And whole families are debarred from even Sunday-school instruction, because the money that should have clothed them is consumed in liquor. One of the first fruits of a drunkard's reformation is, that his children are clothed and sent to school; and it is surprising what efforts they will make to keep them at the day-school longer than is usual, from their keen sense of the importance of education.

4. *Teetotalism trains and exercises public speakers and writers.* Every one who has made a practice of attending teetotal meetings must have been astonished at the number of illiterate working-men who have found a voice for addressing their fellow-creatures, not to please, but to persuade. The true, inwrought eloquence that may be heard on these occasions is wonderful. No other body can boast of the same number of effective advocates. They have not been trained in schools and colleges, but they have the best training—a feeling of the importance of what they have to say. We have often given the advice to persons wishing to acquire the art of extempore preaching, to "turn teetotaler, and speak at the meetings." Here you are not obliged to go on for half an hour, whether you have anything to say or not; but can just speak when the spirit moves you, for one minute or an hour, before those who look neither for

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grammatical accuracy, nor for neatly turned periods. The art of speaking thus acquired by necessity at the meetings is most useful in all labors among the working-classes. And many who could scarcely spell before they became teetotalers, have learnt to commit their thoughts to paper, and have produced tracts and articles in the various teetotal journals, sometimes of thrilling interest from their simple truthfulness.

5. *Teetotalism has produced a taste for better recreation among the people.* In old days, beer, and often intoxication, were associated with all the working-man's ideas of pleasure. And the higher classes contributed to this, by their own example, and by their ways of distributing drink on all festive occasions, even at school-treats. We have ourselves known the originals of Dickens's "Brothers Cheeryble," passing through villages on their journeys, leaving in one place a sovereign, in another more, to be drunk by the neighbors. We grieve to see that even writers of the highest eminence continue to praise such conduct, associate the use of intoxicating liquors with all their descriptions of the pleasures of the poor, and reward their best characters with the keeping of a public house. But teetotalism puts a stop to all this. We have known drunkards converted by the cheerfulness of the social gatherings, where abundance of wholesome food and drink has been followed by songs, recitations, glees, and choruses, got up entirely by working-men and their families, that would dare defiance as far as real effectiveness is concerned, with the fashionable songs and concerts of the drawing-room. Teetotalism has

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greatly promoted healthy summer-rambles and cheap railway trips—in which the money formerly spent at the gin-shop is now devoted to the purest family enjoyment. Teetotalers have done a great work, in convincing the world that men can thoroughly enjoy themselves without intoxicating drink.

6. *Teetotalism has taught reformers to go to the root of evils.* The first efforts in the Temperance cause were merely directed against some of the evil branches. Spirits were cut off—wine and beer remained as sober beverages. The tree, shorn of its evil appearance, passed muster for a time; but presently the old fruit began to show itself, more hideous than ever, on the remaining branches. The tree was proved to be useless; it was cut down from the root, and intemperance was banished forever. The efforts of the few teetotalers in one year, did more than the labors of the whole moderate-drinking community had done in centuries.

7. *Teetotalism has given a death-blow to the sectarian spirit.* It has done more to bring men together in the bonds of love, than thousands of sermons that have been preached, with the efforts of Evangelical Alliances in addition. Here men have forgotten their differences of rank, politics, and religion—they have met at the temperance platform and committee-room, not merely forgetting their differences for a time, but actually feeling the "omnipotence of love" to break down the "middle walls of partition." Rich men have often made themselves free with the poor, to gain some end for their own good. Political and religious parties have united for a time against a common enemy,

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like hostile nations under a truce, and have then fought against each other with redoubled acrimony. But here men have joined in love, and for the love of their perishing brethren; they have met those they were before afraid to own as Christians; they have found them actuated by the same motives, loving the same Saviour, desiring the same ends, laboring in the same way, as themselves; and they who before were enemies, have given each other the right hand and the heart of fellowship.

8. *Teetotalism leads to the understanding of the laws of health.* While doctors have been occupied in curing diseases, teetotalers have learnt how to prevent them. Their senses become aware of the injurious influences which surround them, and they are ready at once to believe in the principles of sanitary reform. They learn the efficacy of pure air, are not afraid of cold water, and relish plain wholesome food. They find that alcohol cannot cure all diseases for which it is recommended; and that it produces far more maladies than it removes.

9. *Teetotalism prepares the way for everything which is good.* It pioneers—and like John the Baptist, makes straight the way for religion. Drinking is a clog on all good works; teetotalism is an assistant to them. It does not prevent any kind of useful labor but gives a helping hand to all. By freeing the body and mind from the deadening effects of intemperance, it leaves them prepared for the reception of all good influences. If you want to corrupt a man, first give him drink—if you wish to raise him, first make him a teetotaler. In these and other ways,

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10. *Teetotalism leads to a better understanding of religion.* In the midst of the strife of words, and the preaching of faith without works, the temperance reform has called men back to the simple precept, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have LOVE one towards another." Itself the offspring of self-sacrificing love, it has reacted on the professed Christianity of the day, and led many to the influence of the only justifying faith—that which "works by love."

These are some of the good results of the Temperance movement. We do not say that they have been the universal results; but we say they are the natural results, which would have shown themselves in all cases, had there not been counteracting influences. In conclusion, we will observe that the good of teetotalism has not been confined to the members of its own body; but,

11. *Teetotalism has led to more sober habits among all classes of the community.* Both among rich and poor, drinking is becoming more and more disrespectable. Those who drank much, now drink little; and many have almost entirely given up the use of intoxicating liquors. The compulsory usages of etiquette and of trades are giving way; and "moderation" is becoming a thing more strictly answering to its name than it used to be. We do not say that teetotalism has done all this; but by the circulation of tracts and the copious diffusion of information among all classes of the community, as well as by setting a good example, it has mainly contributed to this happy result.

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THE PARTING YEAR.

"Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carl, so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"
"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried;
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax;
Are founded, flourish, and decay.
Redeem mine hours, the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver;
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When time and thou shalt part forever."

WALTER SCOTT.

THE waning year is, to most minds, a season of reflection. And it is good to pause and think, occasionally—to glance along the receding vista of months, and review our actions ere too great a distance makes their memory indistinct. Time seems to linger on his journey, to pause by the crumbling ruins of earthly things, and point us to the past, that we may gather therefrom lessons of wisdom for the future.

As we stand on the verge of the parting year—as the last line in its record of events is about being written, it is but

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to obey the dictate of reason to let our thoughts run back. Time we cannot recall, nor change the past. What we have done is done forever. Then, why, it may be asked, turn our thoughts thitherward? Why not look in hope to the future? It is that we may look to the future with brighter hopes, made more certain through repentance and good resolutions.

What we are is of more, far more importance to us than what we seem to others, or what we have gained in worldly goods. Our thoughts, then, as we review the days and weeks in the closing circle of months, should linger rather upon the purposes and acts of our moral life, than upon the impression we have made upon others, or the amount of earthly treasure we have gathered in from the harvest-fields of the world. A good reputation may be lost through slander; riches may take to themselves wings and fly away; but of the heart's conscious rectitude no event external to ourselves can rob us. It is true gold, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and of which not even death itself can rob us.

In turning back our thoughts upon the past, then, let us examine all our acts in the light of their prompting ends. There is no act without a purpose, and the purpose gives quality to the act. A selfish and bad end makes an act evil, which might be innocent, if done with a good end. A man may pursue his worldly business with the same energy and success that marks the course of his neighbor, and be all the while laying up treasure above, while the latter gains nothing but the treasure on earth, which, in a few years, passes into the coffers of another, while he, naked and poor

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as he came into the world, recrosses the mortal bourne, and is seen no more among his fellows. The great difference lies in the end with which each prosecutes his daily calling. A good end keeps in view what is just to the neighbor, while a selfish end causes a man to disregard and even trample upon other's rights.

As time points his trembling finger to the past, let each one, then, carefully review the history of the year, so far as himself is concerned, and, in reviewing it, look earnestly at the purposes which have governed his various actions. These, in their accumulations, are to make the future happy or miserable. Gold gained in a total disregard of other's rights or feelings, never has nor never will bring happiness; for, in the acquisition, the mind takes an evil form in accordance with its purpose, and such a form precludes the possibility of happiness. Honor and fame acquired in like manner, will as certainly bring pain and disappointment.

The great question, then is—How far have I advanced in the year toward that true humanity which is built up into a beautiful form, through good purposes coming forth into good deeds? Just so far as this true humanity has been attained, *and no further*, has the waning year been a well spent and profitable year.

Is your mind not satisfied with the review measured by this standard? Let the fact be wisely improved by a better life in the future. Begin the next year with this higher standard in your mind, and resolve to live up to it as far as is in your power.

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There is one reflection connected with this theme that should produce a strong impression: It is our present that makes our future. What we purpose and do to-day throws forward its effect upon our coming years. And this is the result of every day's life. What would not some of us give if we could change the rebuking past? But, alas! what is done is done forever. The present with its deeds flits by and becomes the unchangeable past. We may repent of our wrong doings, but repentance cannot extract the sting from memory. With this thought, which should alone prompt to right living in the future, we close our brief sermon; commending its teachings to the wise and simple, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned, with the hope that it may be like a nail in a sure place, or, like apples of gold on pictures of silver.

THE END.

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